The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909.

The Week.

That eighteen Democratic Senators should have voted with Aldrich last Thursday to take iron ore from the free list, and tax it 25 cents a ton, goes far towards answering the question why there is no Democratic party. With brains and principles both out of it, why should it pretend to be alive any longer? Free iron ore was one of the cardinal features of the Wilson bill, as it passed the House in 1894. Two proposals were made, while the schedule was under debate in the House, to put a duty on iron ore, but both were rejected, one by a vote of 136 to 65, the other by 109 to 52. The duty was put back by the Senate, in 1894 as last week; but this was one of the things which President Cleveland had in mind when he denounced the Senate changes as a work of "perfidy and dishonor." Free raw materials in general, and free iron ore in particular, have been the battle-cry of Democrats for years; but when a bill comes up from a Republican House making iron ore free, over half the Democratic Senators join hands with hidebound Republican protectionists to put back the duty. It is not simply a question of iron ore: the whole iron and steel schedule will be affected by the decision to tax the raw material. The pretence of its being a revenue duty is too pitiful. The entire estimated revenue on iron ore, leaving out the Cuban product which comes in under the reciprocity treaty, is $127,000! That is a pretty thin salve for the conscience of the recreant Democratic Senators. They might better have frankly said that they voted at the demand of powerful protected interests in their States. After this, all their talk about wishing to remove tariff burdens and about hating monopolies, will only show how fond they are of being laughed at. The force of self-stultification cannot easily go further.

I cannot allow myself or the departments under me to be made the means of the promotion of the political fortunes of one faction or the other in a State as important as Kansas.

With these words, Mr. Taft has rebuked Gov. Stubbs of Kansas for trying to induce the President inadvertently to favor him and his partisans in an appointment under the Department of Justice. There is no roaring in his letter; no violent denunciation, no use of the shorter and uglier word, but merely a quiet explanation that Mr. Taft is a catspaw for nobody, and that he is building no political machine for himself or any one else. The offence was that Gov. Stubbs had heralded in Kansas Mr. Taft's assent to the appointment of Robert Stone of Topeka as a great victory for himself. He had caught Senator Curtis and Congressman Anthony napping, and carried off a big political plum without their knowledge. Mr. Taft, on discovering this, promptly directed the revoking of Mr. Stone's appointment until the wishes of the Kansas delegation could be ascertained. Mr. Stone's fate rests now with the Kansas Senators and Congressmen, and Gov. Stubbs, who is believed to be a candidate for Senator Curtis's seat, will be careful hereafter not to boast when he turns a successful political trick.

The Tennessee jury which fined some convicted night-riders $500 each and sent them to jail for ten days does not merit all the harsh names that are being applied to it. Critics forget that it first found the defendants guilty under the Ku Klux act, thus forcing the judge to pronounce the death sentence, and that the judge, loath to accept this extremity, ordered another decision. The incident seems to confirm what has often been alleged, namely, that public sentiment would long ago have broken up the night-riding epidemic in Tennessee and Kentucky, if the authorities had not failed in the courage of duty. These twelve jurors of Waverly did as any other honest men would have done, to whom it was proved that the defendants broke into a citizen's house and lashed him nearly to death because he spoke out against night-riders. It was the judge that followed the less illustrious example of the politicians. Backed up by an unequivocal law and by an equally clear verdict, he waived his opportunity to establish a precedent which would ring from the mountains to the Mississippi. Instead, he threatens to patrol Humphreys County with a regiment—and lets the offenders go with a chicken-thief's punishment. Apparently, reform must begin at the top.

It is certainly not pleasant to have the American copyright law described in the German Reichstag as a "crazy pot-pourri of modern ideas and peanut protectionism," but it is still less pleasant to be forced to admit that the description is true. Even with the improvements made by our last codification of copyright laws, our legislation on the whole subject of international protection of literary and artistic property remains backward and benighted. We have been unwilling to go to the root of the matter. Under the Berne Convention, to which nearly all civilized nations except our own adhere, the rights of the foreign author or artist are put absolutely on a par with those of the native. But the United States will not agree to this. By our "manufacture clause" and other complexities and absurdities, we keep ourselves outside of the comity of enlightened countries. The German Deputy who spoke the other day of our copyright injustices, expressed the hope that Americans would soon be driven by very shame into acceding to the Berne Convention. But he does not know how a protectionist Congress may go on for years naked and unashamed.

That the law, properly enforced, can do much to discourage vicious journalism, is shown in a recent editorial in *Bench and Bar*. Commenting upon the publication of letters left by an Albany suicide, a jurist declares that this is undoubtedly a violation of "literary property":

> The right of first publication of any letters, even those having no literary merit, resides in the writer. . . . The publication by another without his consent constitutes an infringement of such right.

The act also violates the New York Penal Code, which, in the opinion of *Bench and Bar*, applies "as well to the case of letters written *by* the deceased person as by others *to* the deceased person." Presumably, this is a commonplace among attorneys, but the unfortunate layman who sees his private affairs in screeching headlines some fine

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morning, knows it only as a moral precept. His ignorance it is that emboldens the scandal-monger. Were the baser journals afraid to print private correspondence without authorization, they would soon be made noticeably less offensive.

The college student has much to answer for, but there is one insinuation that he might really be spared. Why does the world go on urging him not to be conceited? This bit of advice is not only stale, but uncalled for. A distinguished State officer, speaking at the recent Cornell dinner, could not keep from shouting out that hoary slander: "My advice to the college graduate would be this: Rid yourself of any idea that a college education gives you a monopoly of knowledge and wisdom. . . . The thing for the college man to avoid is the mistake of assuming, on graduation, that things are all wrong." But, as a matter of fact, the college student who looks upon his diploma as a certificate of eligibility to a ten-thousand-dollar job, is to be found only in tradition and the comic weeklies. The average undergraduate does not know much, but we must do him the credit of acknowledging that he is quite aware of the fact. Like Peggotty, Noddy Boffin, and Joe Gargery, he will readily admit that wisdom, learning, special ability, and anything else that comes out of books, are not in his line. Every alumnus who, out of a fortune made in soap, gives alma mater a new hall of sciences takes care to impress on the college graduate his striking inferiority to the average office-boy. And as for finding fault with established things, would that more college graduates did. The readiness with which men will step from the tradition of alma mater to the tradition of the broker's office is often very disheartening.

Dr. E. H. Nichols, himself a former Harvard athlete and medical adviser of several Cambridge football teams, in a recent address before the Harvard Medical School took strong ground against the coaching of college teams. The present system he described as "an outgrowth of the need, not of avoiding physical injury, but of the necessity of winning." Dr. Nichols is opposed both to the professional and to the graduate coaches. He admits that the games would not be so good if the students were left to themselves, but asks: "What of it? The attraction of the game lies in the fact that we are all partisans." The best remedy for coaching evils would be to cut down the number of games with competing colleges, and to abolish the gate-money which makes possible high-priced coaches and the other extravagances of which Dr. Nichols complains. Nothing would so quickly decrease the great publicity and notoriety given to successful athletes, which also grieves Dr. Nichols, as to do away with the offensive hippodrome features of the inter-university contests. When undergraduates can make $40,000 or $50,000 by a single game, it is but natural that they should waste it upon "rubbers," trainers, coaches, medical attendance, automobiles, lavish supplies of clothes, etc. The cost of living during the training season, the teams expect to receive free of cost. Suppose Harvard were to limit her football schedules to three inter-university contests; the artificial public interest in the team would rapidly decrease. If then, as is the case in games between Oxford and Cambridge, the spectators should have to stand, the Boston newspapers would not find it worth their while to give pages to accounts of the game, and the sport would begin to sink to its proper place in the life of the university. The difficulty with this is the existence of the costly stadia and grandstands. But Dr. Nichols's unrest is another sign that university public opinion is rapidly coming to the point where it will insist upon the use of the surgeon's knife upon these extraneous athletic growths. The sooner this is done, the better for education.

Professor Sumner's conjecture, in the *Forum*, that the civilized world may some day drift back to demonism, is depressing. But a belief in witchcraft is trifling compared with the possibilities that the faith-cure craze recently revealed in Wisconsin. A bill was introduced before the Legislature providing that, in connection with elementary hygiene, public-school pupils be taught how to avoid contagion and the commoner ailments. Thereupon protests began to pour in from all sorts of radical mind-healers; it would be sinful, they cried, to give children the impression that disease was real. Wisconsin papers say that this was the message in hundreds of letters and in long petitions. The Assembly Committee on Public Health, in spite of its three physician members, was over-awed at the first hearing on the measure, and killed it. If superstition is the match of medical science in shaping the educational policy of public schools, then we might as well revert to voodooism. Voodooism at least believes in tuberculosis, and seeks a material remedy. It might even incorporate the correct treatment, too, with its rites.

The South has sustained a grievous loss in the death of Bishop Galloway of Mississippi. Not merely an earnest preacher and a platform speaker of unusual eloquence, he was a man of the highest moral courage and of enlightened convictions. As a writer and a church leader, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the cause of Southern education. One of the first to lend his support to what has been known as the Ogden movement, he by no means limited his sympathy to the interests of one race. At Tuskegee and elsewhere he openly proclaimed his belief in the education of the negro. "Not in statutes or constitutions," he once declared —"not in legislation, State or national— but in the schoolhouses of the country, is the great problem of American citizenship to find its final solution. And in the face of no American child should the door be shut, and from no little hands should the spelling-book be ruthlessly wrested." The gospel of kindliness and confidence between the races had no more earnest advocate than Bishop Galloway, and he lived up to the doctrines he preached. Both races, not merely in Mississippi, but in the South, have therefore cause to mourn his death as that of a genuine leader of the people, and one of those earnest personalities who more than anything else maintain the power of the church.

While the Wright brothers are being toasted for their conquest of the air, somebody ought to take notice of their victory over a much lighter element, namely, the atmosphere of sensationalism and self-advertising in which our generation moves. Nothing in their achievements is more conspicuous than their steadfast desire to be inconspic-

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uous. They have never confided to any Sunday supplement that their aeroplanes would soar to the moon. Press-agents were never invited to their experiments, but had to beg for admission like any small boy at a baseball game; and they usually begged in vain. Some said the inventors were only guarding against theft of their ideas; but their indifference toward the wholesale adulation that kings and scientists have poured over them spoils that theory. If their experience aloft with fickle winds has taught them to shun the more treacherous gusts of cheap publicity, then may Heaven speed the day of aeroplanes.

The formal protest of financial London against Mr. Lloyd-George's budget has been described as an "historic event," and, judged by the apparent unanimity of the adverse judgment, is probably a "wholly unprecedented action." It is difficult, however, to pass judgment upon this protest without recalling another expression of financial opinion, filed with the British Ministry as a result of a responsible meeting in "the City" some weeks ago, for the immediate construction, not of four Dreadnoughts as had been contemplated, but of eight. Now, a Dreadnought is an expensive luxury. The estimated cost of one of them is $10,000,000; four of them would very nearly equal the total appropriation for old-age pensions as defined by the Ministry for the coming year. The meeting at the Guildhall did not instruct the Ministry as to how or whence the extra $40,000,000 was to be procured. A "naval loan" was faintly suggested, but the idea was promptly vetoed by serious financiers, who were well aware that the present low price of British government bonds is a dead-weight on investment markets, and who were under no illusions as to what would be the upshot of cheerfully embracing the plan of building extravagant armaments on credit. But if "the City" did not solve the problem of raising money for a doubled outlay on armament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer did. His response in substance was: You people of financial London insist on new Dreadnoughts. Very well, you shall have them; but you shall also pay for them. We do not pretend to say that Mr. Lloyd-George's piling of three-fourths of the new taxation upon incomes, legacies, and the Stock Exchange is an equitable distribution of a national burden for the general national welfare; but the facts of the matter certainly do lend a good deal less impressiveness to last week's protest of the bankers. For "the City" to get frightened over mysterious stories of Germany's enormous naval construction plans, to pass resolutions demanding extraordinary increase in Great Britain's naval outlay, and then to complain because the bill is so high, is a course somewhat wanting in dignity.

From France, it is at present reported that the separation of church and state has so far brought little benefit to the nation. There is a visible decline in the moral tone of the people, an increase of crime, and a growing public restlessness which may prove dangerous to the state. Even the financial results of the campaign against the church are said to be disappointing. We take it that such reports are strongly partisan. Three years are scarcely enough to test a serious change in the moral condition of an entire people. On the other hand, the last three years have shown many an added reason in explanation of the French anti-clerical temper. Profess as it may that it is no enemy of the republic, the church in France seemingly lets no opportunity pass to show that an enemy it is. Last Sunday's royalist banquet at Paris is an instance. Why was the feast in honor of the beatification of Joan of Arc made the occasion for shouting "Vive le roi!" and "A bas la république!"? After this, what chance is there for the moderate churchmen who, here and there, would be working for a reconciliation with the government? The royalist cause in France as a direct issue is dead, but it has vitality enough to make the lot of the French Catholics a hard one in these days of Radical ascendency, which the royalists are doing their best to perpetuate.

There was never any doubt that M. Clemenceau would get his vote of approval from the Chamber whenever he wanted it. He manœuvred skilfully to make that vote as imposing as possible, and succeeded. Had the question of confidence been put a few days earlier, when the postal strike was only a threat, personal motive might have asserted itself above principle. Clemenceau's enemies and rivals would have lined up against him; and his margin of victory might have been narrow. With the strike actually under way, the Deputies dared not refuse the government their support on what had become a matter of vital public concern. Not even the most ambitious of Ministerial candidates would venture to overthrow a Ministry on an issue that would mean his own speedy ruin in turn. If the Clemenceau Cabinet had gone down before the strikers, what government could subsequently hope to maintain its authority? On the general vote of confidence last Thursday, the Chamber gave Clemenceau a majority of 206; on the motion repudiating the right to strike for public servants, the majority was 385. If the Chamber will now proceed to redeem its promise to settle definitely the legal status of government employees, the present crisis will quickly cease to be threatening.

The resignation of Dr. Paasche, the National Liberal leader, and chairman of the Tax Committee of the Reichstag, looks ominous for Von Bülow's *bloc*. A vice-president of the Reichstag, and long one of its most influential members, Dr. Paasche resigned because, on a point of procedure, his adherents were voted down by a combination of Conservatives and members of the Centre. As the latter party has been the especial enemy of the *bloc*, the action of the Conservatives is regarded as rank treason and as notice that they will no longer abide by the Bülow arrangement. The Central Committee of the National Liberal party, which is to decide the course of that party in Berlin to-day, is bound to be the more angry because Dr. Paasche has been succeeded as chairman of the all-important Tax Committee by a member of the Centre. Radicals and Liberals, it is expected, will unite in informing the Chancellor that they will no longer coöperate with him if the Centre is to have anything to do with the financial proposals hereafter. Von Bülow thus faces the severest test of his career. He must either return to the old coalition of Conservatives and Clericals, and swallow the brave words uttered when he broke with the latter, or decide that discretion is the better part of valor and insist on the acceptance of his resignation.

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THE PEOPLE LOSING A WEAPON.

We have already reached the period of tariff recrimination. The two political parties are charging each other with tne responsibility for making the Aldrich bill so bad. "You are not keeping your pledges," assert the Democrats, "to make an honest revision of the tariff downwards." "But you were pledged to that more stiffly than we were," retort the Republicans, "yet here you are voting for a duty on iron ore, and for every other tariff tax that you are interested in locally." This twitting on the record passes easily into predictions about the political consequences. Gov. Johnson of Minnesota declares that, if the party in power does not keep faith with the people, in the matter of tariff revision, "the Middle West is lost to the Republicans four [meaning three] years hence." On the other hand, an old Republican leader in Congress affirms: "A Democrat who denounces the tariff law in the next campaign will be in a sorry plight. When a Democrat tells you that he is for a tariff for revenue only, he means that he wants protection for the State or district which he represents." Behind all this stands the figure of Bryan. He is writing letters to his friends in Washington to say that the failure of the Republicans to revise the tariff honestly means a Democratic House in 1910 and a Democratic President in 1912. But even if that result seemed written in the book of destiny, Bryan as a candidate would be able to undo all.

The trouble goes deep. It is not a mere question of a particular issue, like the tariff or any given election, but of tne whole theory and operation of government by party. We have always been taught, and the whole experiment goes upon this basis, that when one party in office becomes unresponsive to the popular will, or visibly corrupt, the thing to do is to turn it out and put in the other. That was the normal process, as President Taft himself has described it, when the Democrats under Grover Cleveland ousted the Republicans in 1884. The latter had been too long and too unchecked in power, and the country turned from their inefficiencies and vices to the Opposition party. But that remedy for political ills, that weapon in the hands of the people, we seem to have been losing in recent years. It is not only that the Democratic party has been in the hands of a leader with an unequalled capacity for repelling support, and a perfect genius for disaster. That might in time be outlived; but when we see the practice of the two parties, no matter what their professions, very much alike, and are deprived of the power to get done by one what the other refuses to do, we cannot help feeling that both the present fact and the future outlook are disquieting. Government by party, we suddenly seem to be finding a broken reed.

Consider how the matter stands in the State of New York. A really efficient and public-spirited Opposition party at Albany this past winter could have taken advantage of the rupture between the Governor and the machine-politicians of his own party, not only to do something worth while in the way of legislation, but to place itself in a fine strategic position for the next State campaign. But what was actually done by the Democratic leaders in the Legislature? Why, they entered into secret agreements with the worst of the Republicans, and made themselves part and parcel of the thing to be reprobated. The alliance of Raines and Grady could not have been more certain if it had been signed and sealed in a formal document. They were hand in glove throughout the session; and in the closing days it was hard to tell which was the leader of the Senate, rushing through bad bills and defeating good ones, Raines or Grady. So when the time comes to bring all these matters under debate in a political campaign, the result is sure to be great uncertainty and confusion, because we have not a clear alternative of parties before us. Just as on the tariff issue in national politics, the Democrats have so unblushingly abandoned their platform and their avowed convictions as to disable themselves from appealing against Republican faithlessness, so in New York the Democratic management has shown itself adept in the very evils it denounces. Where shall the citizen turn who has been brought up to believe that if the people cannot have their will through one party, they can through the other?

Whatever the reply to that question, one notice should be publicly served. It is that a party in power cannot depend indefinitely upon immunity, no matter what its sins, so long as it can say, and prove, that the party out of office is just as bad as itself. Angry electors will not forever stand uncertain. They will make a choice, even if it prove to be mistaken. The desire to punish a recreant party is often so powerful that voters will not be too fastidious about the means they employ to do it. Republicans drunk with power have had their disagreeable awakening before now, and may easily have it again if they allow themselves to be dragged after Aldrich's high-tariff chariot. President Taft, in endeavoring to hold his party honorably to its pledges, is not simply working at the task in hand of revising the tariff, but is doing something to make government by party respectable and feasible.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH TAXES.

A German professor of economics has hit upon a discovery which had never swum into the ken of finance ministers or legislators—that taxes should be loved, not hated. This University man, Prof. Adolf Wagner, recently addressed a public meeting at Cologne, and sang the praises of fresh taxation. The efforts of the government to impose new levies upon the people ought not to be denounced, but hailed with joy. They were a sign of expanding national wealth. Instead of being regarded as burdens, heavier taxes should be thought of as mere bagatelles for a rich people. Professor Wagner had heard a lady in a railway carriage say that her new hat had cost "only $150." There ought to be the same disdainful tone about high taxes. "I have paid to the government only 12 per cent. of all my income." "I have given up to the tax collectors only one-half of my revenue from real estate." If we come really to love being taxed, we should be much happier ourselves, and only think how happy we should make our rulers!

Professor Wagner evidently sees no necessary truth in the old maxim of statesmanship, cited by Burke, that it is impossible to tax and to please. If taxation is made a form of flattery, the result may be different. Let a Finance Minister preface his schemes for new imposts by saying that his people, as the richest and most patriotic and good-natured people on earth, will pay up, not only without a murmur, but

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with expressions of pleasure and gratitude. This is certainly a new point of view for the tithing-man. Instead of approaching the taxables with sour and vinegar aspect, he ought to come along in jolly fashion, like one doing a favor. In this view of the matter, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, when introducing his recent budget, made a great mistake in speaking as if his function were to give offence, instead of to waken thankfulness:

> Up to the present we have been considering the naval problem from the point of view of merely spending money. I shall now have to invite hon. members and the country to consider it from the equally essential but less agreeable standpoint of paying for it. Spending is pleasant, paying is irksome; spending is noble, paying is sordid. And it is on me falls the making of arrangements for the less attractive part of the naval programme.

This is far from the glad tone of Professor Wagner, or from the note struck by our cheerful taxers at Washington. Their description of the proposed protective taxes quite overcrows the attempt of the German professor to make the paying of taxes a joy. For if our Senators may be believed, the tariff they have in mind is like the combined blessings of nature—like dew and sun and fructifying showers to make fertile the land which, but for protective taxes, would be a sand heap. Are we, then, such curmudgeons that we shall resent giving up a little of our easily earned money—all money is earned easily under the protective system—in order to make gladness for thousands? Why, Senator Scott and Senator Oliver can demonstrate that, if you only consent to pay a few cents more for glass, you will fill the shop with the busy hum of industry, while reducing the bonds of its Senatorial owners to less than 10 cents on the dollar. And Senator Aldrich can make plain to the meanest understanding that slightly higher taxes on woollen clothing will make it really cheaper—or would, but for the rascally jobbers—while keeping still more thousands of American workingmen steadily employed, and still further impoverishing the proprietors of the mills. This way of presenting the attractions of taxation has never, we are certain, been dreamed of in the philosophy of Professor Wagner. Were he privileged to attend one day's Senate debate on the tariff, he could not fail to conclude that taxes were a matter of hilarity.

We greatly fear, however, that the jocular view of taxes will have all the fun knocked out of it before it wins a way to acceptance. Stupid people will go on seeing the facts of taxation very much as Adam Smith set them forth. They will not fall in love with the swarm of officers, "whose salaries may eat up the greater part of the produce of the tax"; and will obstinately refuse to regard taxes as anything but a form of "trouble, vexation, and oppression.' It begins to appear that even in Washington the idea of taxes as an evil—necessary, but an evil—is getting the upper hand. Senators, who at first thought the country could be made consciously happy by over-taxation, are beginning to discover that high taxes are one of those blessings that brighten as they take their flight. Hence the outlook for a real reduction of the tariff is better than it has been. Despite Professor Wagner, it is difficult to make people fall in love with taxes by adding to them. As Speaker Reed said when it was proposed to enlarge the national territory by annexation: "There is more already than I can really love."

SEEING THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

One of the advantages resulting from the exhibitions held in ambitious Pacific Coast cities—the latest being the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition at Seattle, which begins on the first of June—is that the wondrous sights, combined with reductions in railway fares, tempt thousands to cross the Rocky Mountains for the first time to see whether there is any basis for the cry: "Why go to Europe?" Has not our country scenic features grander even than those that are to be seen on the other side of the Atlantic? Should we not, before going abroad the fifth or tenth time, see something of our native land, so that we can tell inquisitive foreigners about it and aid Karl Baedeker in his efforts to divert part of the European tourist stream to our own shores?

When the first transcontinental railway was planned, nearly everybody doubted the possibility of its financial success. To-day, there are eight of these lines, with another fast nearing completion, and all will be kept busy this summer with the tourist traffic. The question regarding the most advisable route is easy to answer. On the whole, it is best, at least during May and June, to go by one of the Southern lines, returning by one of the Northern. The Southern Pacific presents advantages to those who may contemplate a side-trip to Mexico. The Santa Fé route affords opportunity to visit the Navajo and Moki Indian reservations and the petrified forest; but the lion of this line is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, now reached conveniently by the branch railway from Williams. This stupendous chasm (which is often confused with the Grand Cañon in Colorado, along the Denver and Rio Grande—a wonderful sight, too) is absolutely unique; Europe has nothing even remotely resembling it. Unique, too, is The Yosemite Valley, with its waterfalls descending from dizzy heights, its precipices, its domes and half-domes, its mirror lake, its red snow plants, and a hundred other astonishing spectacles, some of which, as John Muir has remarked, are so strange that they surprise even Indians, horses, and dogs. But before seeing the Yosemite, the tourist who goes by either of the lines named will, of course, spend some days in Los Angeles; he will have a chance to see the olive and orange groves and bathe in the Pacific; to enjoy, at Catalina Island, what Frederick G. Aflalo, editor of the Anglers' Library and England's leading authority on the subject, calls "the finest sea-fishing in the world"; to spend a day and night on top of Mt. Wilson, and after enjoying the varied views which have given this peak the name of the magic mountain, gaze at the stars, in the observatory of the Carnegie Institution, through the largest lens ever made.

On the way to San Francisco, should the visitor prefer combined views of ocean and mountains to the Yosemite, he can take the new coast line, which affords an opportunity to visit some of the old Spanish mission houses, and, at Monterey, to enjoy a cactus collection, equal to any wild desert garden of Arizona or Mexico. The new San Francisco is worth seeing; in the words of President Wheeler of the University of California, it is "immeasurably finer from an architectural point of view, and immeasurably more solid and useful from the business point of view, than the old"; and in two more years—five after the disaster—there will be no

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other external trace of the old city left than the improvement on every hand.

Tahoe, loveliest of mountain lakes, makes one of many fine excursions from San Francisco, unless the tourist goes by the Union Pacific and takes it in, with Salt Lake City, on the way. Going north, the snowy summit of Mt. Shasta fascinates the eyes for five hours while the train, on the way to Portland, encircles it. Crater Lake, one of the unique wonders of Oregon, can this summer, for the first time, be reached conveniently by rail from Weed to Klamath Falls, thence by boat and stage. Mount Hood is easily ascended, and half-way up is Cloud Cap Inn, where one can stay and study the stupendous glaciers of "our noblest volcano," as A. H. Sylvester of the United States Geological Survey has called it.

From Portland, Seattle is reached via Tacoma in a few hours, with the grandest of snow mountains always in sight, including that "mountain of mountains," Tacoma—or Rainier, as it is now (but should not be) called—the climax of the California-Oregon series of snow peaks. These snow-clad volcanoes derive their grandeur from the fact that they are seen at sea-level, full height, whereas the Swiss peaks are shortened by the five or six thousand feet of elevation, whence they are usually seen. The Seattle exhibition-grounds will owe much of their attractiveness to Oriental, Alaskan, and Indian features. After his visit to them, the tourist is ready to return. He may choose the Northern or Union Pacific, and see the Yellowstone Park, with its waterfalls, canons, and geysers, unlike anything to be seen in Europe; or he may take the Great Northern, stopping off at the Flathead Reserve to see Lakes MacDonald and Avalanche. "Give a month at least to this precious reserve," is the advice of John Muir; and a month is not too much for the Yellowstone. If more snow-mountain scenery is desired, the Canadian Pacific is the road to take, by all means. On this, for nearly two days, the tourist has in view, on both sides of the train, one magnificent chain after another, till he is almost bewildered. He will then be able to understand the meaning of the confession of Whymper, the great Alpine expert, that there are in British Columbia fifty Switzerlands. Undoubtedly, we miss many of the things that make a summer in Switzerland alluring. We merely suggest that our Pacific Slope is worth seeing, too; and if the traveller has time to extend his trip to Alaska, he will find a series of fjords, framed in by snow peaks, surpassing the Norwegian in grandeur.

THE WINNING TYPE OF YACHT.

In the perpetual race between different types of boats for the favor of the yachting public, the gasolene yacht is rapidly distancing all its competitors, steam or sail. Although about as new an invention as the automobile, its number is also legion, its variety endless. Originally placed with much distrust in open launches, the explosion engine has made its way rapidly into larger and larger pleasure craft, until to-day it is a rare exception if a yacht under one hundred feet is provided with coal-using machinery. More than that, the time has already come when the gasolene motor is actually driving out of boats steam machinery long and successfully in use. For instance, it has just become known that Gen. E. A. McAlpin, the purchaser of the steam yacht Sentinel, 108 feet in length, has found it worth his while to remove her boilers and engines, and install compact gasolene motors.

The gains are obvious. The space saved by the installation of the more compact motive power permits the construction of two additional staterooms, and gives increased living room elsewhere. The new engines not only yield double the power, but weigh considerably less; to the gain in speed must be added also the benefit of a reduced engine-room crew, one gasolene engineer taking the place of steam engineer and fireman. But the owner profits in still other ways. With the hot boilers taken from the interior of the boat, goes the unpleasant odor of steam and oil. The labor, dirt, and annoyance of taking on coal and water, and discharging ashes, are avoided. The craft is ready for instantaneous service; there are no more banked fires, while getting up steam in a hurry is a thing of the past. Gasolene boats can reach their maximum speed within five minutes after the owner comes on board unexpectedly, and there is no fuel consumption except when the boat is actually under way. The saving in fuel thus made is so great as wholly to offset the lower price of steam fuel.

One has only to consider the numerous emergencies in which motive power is hastily needed to realize how valuable is this immediate mobility. Had our battleships at Santiago possessed it, the Spanish fleet would have had no chance of escape whatever, and the battle would have been fought directly off the harbor mouth. The same reason has induced the Police Department of New York to replace its steam launches with motor-boats, and it reports a considerable gain in efficiency. A steam life-boat was an impossibility; the gasolene life-boat is a marked success, for its engine can be brought into action as rapidly as the rocket-gun. Immediate mobility often means an increased margin of safety in a crowded harbor, or in a sudden and dangerous blow, and this is why many owners of sailing craft, who once swore that nothing in the world would make them resort to so unseamanlike a device, have first shamefacedly installed an auxiliary engine and then learned to brag about it.

But it is the decrease in the cost of yachts when equipped with motors that is, after all, the most important feature of this marine revolution. People who never dreamed of owning a craft in which they might comfortably voyage from New York to Bar Harbor, suddenly find themselves granted the freedom of the coasts at a comparatively small expenditure. The number of cruising motor-craft between fifty and ninety feet is astonishingly large. Never a week goes by but a new one is announced in the press or in the marine journals. Generally the owner is his own skipper and spends most of his time at the wheel watching his boat log off from twelve miles an hour upward. The newer boats are designed with greater and greater regard for seaworthiness, and ability to undertake deep-water cruising. The amount of living space on such a craft is quite extraordinary when contrasted with the old-time steamer. Thus a typical boat seventy feet in length, just launched, contains one state-room with four berths and two single state-rooms, together with a bath-room. The main saloon is placed forward, and rises several feet above the deck; it contains two sofas, readily made up into berths. In the engine room are two thirty-horsepower engines, entirely cut off from the rest of the boat by water-

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tight bulkheads. On its davits, this yacht carries a small speed-launch, which is capable of eighteen knots. The boat itself has an extreme breadth of fourteen feet and draws only three and one-half feet.

From this size down to the little "one-man" cruiser, the variation is infinite; but the amount of pleasure to be obtained depends in no degree upon the size. Wherever one goes, down the Potomac, in the remote recesses of Chesapeake Bay, in Florida waters, or moving noiselessly along the northernmost coast, or the great canals, this form of agile houseboat is ever under way. Its range is astonishing. A fifty-six-foot cruiser, just built at Morris Heights, has a radius of 1,200 miles before it becomes necessary to think of renewing the fuel; and the cost of this handsome boat is but $8,000. Even the State of New York has caught the contagion and built a superb eighty-foot boat for the head of its Public Works Department, for his cruises on the canals. Every department of the Federal government is rapidly acquiring vessels of this character. Indeed, so great is the output of these yachts, many of which cost less than an expensive imported automobile, that a prominent designer recently expressed his belief in the total disappearance of sailing craft within twenty years. But this is a prophecy of pessimism. No motive power yet produced can provide the thrills and the joys or the health-tonics of the old-fashioned catboat or the more modern knockabout, to say nothing about the vigorous young seamen they turn out.

JOHN KEATS'S PORRIDGE.

William Watson has brought the charge of blood-guiltiness against the English nation because it let poverty and overwork drive John Davidson to suicide. One of the oldest problems in political economy is thus raised again. What shall we do with this poet's trade, the worst paid of all handicrafts and professions, the trade most in need of government regulation, if ever there was one? No one has ever suggested a minimum wage for poets other than that which is distributed through the poorhouse. No Legislature has passed factory laws for their protection, though as a class they are notoriously more sensitive than women, and more defenceless than children. They are allowed to work at all hours of midnight and in garrets which the anti-sweatshop law has declared unfit for the manufacture of tobacco and cheap clothing. The well-known irritable temper of the tribe makes it impossible for them to organize into unions. In an age of advanced industrial specialization, they cling to the primitive methods and standards of three thousand years ago. They persist in producing things they like, and not what the great public likes. They insist on looking forward to the future or back to the past and giving little thought to the all-important present. They will come back again and again to their ancient preoccupation, the soul of man, whereas food and drink are never to be had by looking within, but without, and all about, and pretty sharply at that.

Mr. Watson's indictment of the English people has recalled a plan once laid before the French Parliament by Alfred de Vigny, author of "Cinq-Mars" and "Chatterton." De Vigny proposed that an author who had produced a work of exceptional merit should receive a government pension for five years. At the end of the period, if his work showed improvement over his first effort, his pension should be confirmed for life. If his work showed no advance, the pension was to be withdrawn. "The scheme," we are told, "was not of a nature to appeal to practical men and it did not pass into law." Of course, the initial absurdity was that De Vigny should have laid a scheme concerning poets before a legislative assembly made up of practical men. A poet himself, De Vigny felt that the divine fire had only to manifest itself to be acknowledged; but the practical man would say: "What percentage would you allow for the moral tone of the poem, and how many poets would you apportion to every department and arrondissement?" De Vigny believed that more than one Chatterton had been sent to his grave by sheer want, but the practical man would argue that somewhere he has heard of suffering as a good thing for poets. But what makes the practical man's case invulnerable is the fact that the poet himself, as a rule, does not cry out against poverty. He has accepted it proudly as the badge and certificate of his trade.

What the poet needs is apparently not more bread and meat, since such things are to him unimportant, but a stiff upper lip. It is quite true that he is miserably paid; but so is every high service the world receives. In proportion to the value he sets upon his labors, the wages of the poet are no worse than those of the pioneer, the inventor, the philosopher, the teacher, and the prophet. Say that the world pays for work inversely as the cube of the value rendered, and you have a pretty safe approximation. We pay our millionaire more than his broker; we pay the broker more than his chauffeur; we pay the chauffeur more than the man in the coal pit; and we pay the miner more than his wife. We pay our lobbyists more than our lawyers; we pay our lawyers more than our judges; and we pay our judges more than the man who serves society by keeping out of court. We pay our college "executives" more than our professors; we pay our professors more than our scholars; we pay our scholars more than our thinkers, whom we pay mighty little at all. This law is universal. We pay the bad novelist more than the good novelist; we pay the good novelist more than the bad poet; we pay the bad poet more than the good poet; we pay the good poet more than the prophet, whose wages in his own valley are notoriously meagre and uncertain. And if we rise above the prophet to services more than human, we know very well what the world pays for that.

Poor as he is, therefore, the poet has no exceptional cause for complaint. If the necessity of earning his bread holds him tied to an office desk all day, he is not much worse off than the college professor who eats his heart out in a roomful of drones, while the *opus* of his life keeps retreating before him; not much worse off than the artist who must draw for the fashion magazines and text-books on anatomy; not much worse off than the member of a profession whose traditional fare is locusts and wild honey. Spinoza found time to build up a philosophical system while grinding his lenses, and Kant built up another system while teaching for his bread. Poets are by no means Mr. Rockefeller's sole customers for midnight oil.

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GEORGE MEREDITH.

The death of the great novelist Tuesday morning, so soon after that of Swinburne, is another sign to show us how completely the Victorian generations have passed away. To those of us whose minds were formed under these masters, it is as if we were sitting in a theatre at the close of the evening, when the actors one after another have spoken their parts and made their exits, and only Mr. Hardy is left upon the stage, pronouncing his "Dynasts" as a solemn, mystical epilogue on the meaning of the play. Other times, other men. Messrs. Shaw and Wells and Chesterton, like wrangling comedians, are ready to amuse us with their antics before the last curtain falls; but we do not know who are the actors or what the plot is to be of to-morrow's play.

By date, Mr. Meredith might almost be reckoned among the mid-Victorians. His "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" came out in 1859, the year of Thackeray's "Virginians," Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; but the very setting together of these names shows how entirely in spirit he belongs to a later generation. He stands rather with Gissing and Hardy, as one of the three who took up the censure of life where the earlier three had left it. To most critics he is the greatest of the late-Victorian novelists, not so poignant as Gissing or so popular as Hardy, but greater in his relation to the age than either. Such a criticism may be right, yet what superb qualities are in the other two that Meredith wants! Gissing, in his earlier and more significant novels at least, may be utterly dark and pessimistic, yet his language has always a poise and fluent charm, beside which the sentences of Meredith seem to rasp and jar like unoiled machinery. And there is, too, in Gissing at his best, in the infinite pathos of "Thyrza," that madonna of the slums, in the bleak yet heroic misery of his "New Grub Street," in the stark horrors of poverty, not without glimpses of beautiful magnanimity, of his "Netherworld"—there is in him at his best a sense of the underlying waste of civilization which, to a strong reader, makes the characters of Meredith seem in comparison to move upon the surface of things.

And with all Hardy's lack of assured art, despite the unaccountable amateurishness of half his work, he has a wealth of emotion and imagination for which Meredith can give no equivalent. The Dianas and Claras and Vittorias of Meredith's society are subtle creatures, drawn with grave or glancing lights, but none of them reaches so deeply into human nature as Eustacia Vye of "The Return of the Native," with her "Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries." There is no inanimate scene in Meredith's world that so deceives us with the sense of possessing a deathless soul as does Egdon Heath of the same novel:

> Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow. . . . To know that everything around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harrassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim.

There is no better way to bring out the qualities that distinguish these two contemporaries than to compare such sentences as these of Hardy's with the most famous of Meredith's descriptions—with the boating scene, for example, at the weir in "Richard Feverel," radiantly beautiful as that scene is, or with this brief picture from "Sandra Belloni":

> A half circle of high-banked greensward, studded with old park-trees, hung around the roar of the water; distant enough from the white-twisting fall to be mirrored on a smooth heaved surface, while its outpushing brushwood below dropped under burdens of drowned reed flags that caught the foam. Keen scent of hay, crossing the dark air, met Emilia as she entered the river-meadow. A little more, and she saw the white weir-piles shining, and the gray roller just beginning to glisten to the moon. Eastward on her left, behind a cedar, the moon had cast off a thick cloud, and shone through the cedar-bars with a yellowish hazy softness, making rosy gold of the first passion of the tide, which, writhing and straining on through many lights, grew wide upon the wonderful velvet darkness underlying the wooded banks. With the full force of a young soul that leaps from beauty seen to unimagined beauty, Emilia stood and watched the picture. Then she sat down, hushed, awaiting her lover.

What impresses the imagination in Meredith is the fulness of present life; nature, in complete sympathy with the living heroine, seems like her to leap from beauty seen to unimagined beauty; whereas in Hardy the present is but a moment in immeasurable time, and we are more moved by influences reaching out of an enormous past than by the drama acting before us. It is the contemporaneity of Meredith that forms both his strength and his limitation. A philosopher, thinking of these two contrasted minds, would be tempted to explain them by the new psychology of M. Bergson, which all the world is talking about just now—and very few are reading. Consciousness and reason, says our philosopher, are two different and hostile things. Consciousness is an unbroken chain of experience in which the past is continually taken up into the present, held in solution, so to speak, and so passed on to the future. Reason, on the contrary, which has to do only with the activities of the present, breaks up our consciousness or experience into discrete sections. It would be instructive, but a little bewildering perhaps, to follow our philosopher in his application of this theory to literary criticism. Meredith is the rationalist *par excellence* among writers of fiction; his power is in reason and analysis and point. If, then, M. Bergson is right in making reason the antithesis, even the destruction, of our deeper consciousness, the astonishing agility of his mind in comparison with Hardy's occasional dulness would go naturally with a certain shallowness and an insensibility to the deeper currents that flow beneath our bustling activities.

But it is not the Bergsonian philosophy that will make or mar the fame of Mr. Meredith, and its intrusion into our loss is almost an impertinence. Just now we are reflecting on his abundant treasures of wit and on his world of living people, and asking doubtfully who is to carry on the great tradition of letters.

IMPRESSIONS OF SWINBURNE.

LONDON, May 5.

The death of Mr. Swinburne deprived our literature not only of our last universally acknowledged poet, but of a scholar immensely learned in the whole range of literature, classical and modern. The son of an ancient and Jacobite house in Northumberland, and an Etonian of the least athletic type, Mr. Swinburne resembled Shelley as a born aristocrat, with at least a literary passion for democracy. It is hardly conceivable that, as a poet and an Etonian in boyhood, Mr. Swinburne should not have modelled himself, more or less consciously, on Shelley.

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I never heard any anecdotes of his school days, but when he came up to Balliol, he did not amuse himself by "ragging the dons" in Shelley's manner. He lived very quietly, mainly in the society of Mr. Nichol, a Scottish student, who was later professor of English literature in Glasgow. He did not, like Calverley, leave a lively tradition behind him; scouts remembered him as "a very quiet gentleman." He obtained a university scholarship in modern languages, and, I think, took only a second class in moderations, though his Greek Elegies, in "Atalanta in Calydon," are not only good as Greek verse, but as poetry.

He was contemporary with Mr. T. R. Green, the Hegelian philosopher, who was not greatly addicted to the Muse; and he wrote a little, mainly against his *bête noire*, Napoleon III, in a serial called *Undergraduate Papers*. When Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Poems and Ballads" came out in 1865-1866, they captivated my undergraduate mind; the second volume was more popular with the young than that which I greatly preferred, "Atalanta." Balliol was not a literary college at that time, but Mr. Saintsbury records that "Poems and Ballads" had a *succès fou* at Merton.

"Atalanta in Calydon" could not be ignored. To my taste, this work of his youth, for the merits of its blank verse and the varied music and original measures of the choruses, was his best. One opened it, knowing not even the name of the author, and one was carried away on the strong stream of the tragedy. It might not be Greek in sentiment—"Erechtheus," later, was much more Greek and much less captivating—but it was new poetry and true poetry: immortal poetry, I think.

The famous "Poems and Ballads" of 1866 really broke the spell, and the reading public, that little flock, careless of the revived Greek tragedy, was much excited about the new volume. A hubbub of protest arose, not unnaturally, for while it is full of splendid lyrics, it also contains things which then, and now, I was, and am, Puritan enough to regret. The passion of a knight who loves a leprous lady, is not, I think, a subject for art; and Mr. Swinburne's passion was never natural and sincere; it was always declamatory and literary. This is the defect of his poetry, the emotions have a literary origin, and every character is equally copious, vigorous, and unconvincing. In the dramas it is the verbal music and the rhetoric that please us; Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton (who has an historical *alibi*, if that matters, and never saw her Queen after 1567) certainly did not express themselves in Mr. Swinburne's way, except when he does Casket Letter 11 into blank verse. We are not to look for humor in his plays; he very greatly appreciated humor, especially that of Dickens among the moderns, but he was not a humorist. This defect permitted him to employ his unequalled vehemence of language in his prose. He greatly esteemed Scott, yet he wrote:

> This insultingly reckless and savagely stupid example of headlong and brainless insularity is less inexplicable and scarcely more lamentable than the immoral and perverse infatuation which made Scott speak of one of the basest and shamefullest slanders that ever dropped from the lying lips of Byron as a mere sample of his love of mystifying: which may indeed be referred to that of mischief.

I have, by research, discovered the first of these sins of Sir Walter. He spoke of a certain Italian in London literary society as a noisy, illogical, ugly bore. It appears that this Italian was "a noble poet," but it does not follow that he was not, socially, an ugly, noisy, illogical bore. The second of Scott's sins was his attributing to Byron's love of mystification and of mischief, his story that Cam Hobhouse wrote a dedication to himself which Byron signed. This tale Byron imposed on Bankes, who told Scott, and what Scott did was to inform Bankes that Byron had gulled him—so as to prevent him from repeating the fable. Sir Walter took the most charitable view possible of Byron, though Byron had "bet him," as he said, with the public. I really do not think that he appears immoral in this matter, and cannot share the alliterative indignation of Mr. Swinburne.

His criticism, though so learned, is injured by his flights into the empyrean of praise and his frenzies of blame. *Non tanti est*, Sir Walter would have said, nothing is worth such "dæmoniaco-seraphic" floods of invective and applause. Byron and all the Bonapartes and Mr. Carlyle infuriated Mr. Swinburne. "Truth is truth," he says, "though it be a Carlyle or a Gladstone, a Pigott or a Parnell, who affirms it." What is "that famous effusion of pessimistic lechery which gives us in metrical form the moral quintessence of Calvin and Bacchus, of Priapus and Carlyle"? It must be a queer composition, but Mr. Swinburne knew so much that he puzzles the ignorance of an ordinary reader.

He seems always to have been young; age put no water to his wine; he was a patriot, though he called himself a republican; but other patriots, when he attacked our open enemies, wished that he would "draw it mild"; but that was the one thing which Mr. Swinburne could never do. In his use of language, he knew not limit.

It is a puzzle that his vast knowledge of the best literature never taught him limit, never enabled him to see that the rapier of Pascal is a better weapon than the bludgeons of Milton, when controversial, and of John Knox. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, but who could put the drag on Mr. Swinburne?

ANDREW LANG.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The new "Index to Book-Prices Current" 1897 to 1906, compiled by William Jaggard, and just published by Eliot Stock, is an admirable piece of work, and one whose sale certainly can never recompense its editor for the three years spent upon it. It is a volume of nearly 1,100 pages—more than double the size of the Index to the first ten volumes of the annual, 1887-1896—containing about one hundred thousand entries under authors or titles with cross-references under important subject headings.

The following are new features of the work showing the improvement over the first volume: There is a great increase in the total number of anonymous and pseudonymous names, to hundreds of which are attached the real names of the authors; the names of editors, collaborators, composers, translators, and chief artists are indexed; to every entry, except in comparatively few cases where the year cannot be ascertained, the date of publication is appended; in numerous cases where the illustrations impart a special market value, the artist's name is indexed also. As Mr. Slater's annual record is arranged chronologically and the contents are inaccessible except through the Index appended, this combined Index to ten volumes adds largely to the utility of the series. It is prefaced by a chatty and interesting introduction by Mr. Jaggard, and by a list of Bibliophiles and Bibliopoles, that is of the collectors and owners of the chief libraries dispersed during the first twenty years of the lifetime of "Book-Prices Current," 1887-1896.

Frank Karslake, editor of "Book-Auction Records," has compiled and published "Notes from Sotheby's," a compilation of 2,032 notes from catalogues of book-sales held at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's rooms, between 1885 and 1909. Many of these contain bibliographical or literary information not readily accessible elsewhere; but some are mere statements of commonplace if not universal information, and as auctioneers are prone to exaggerate the rarity of their goods, some of the statements made as to the number of copies are not borne out by the facts. Thus, the note to the first copy offered of Lamb's "King and Queen of Hearts," 1809 (here misprinted 1509), sold on March 17, 1902, is given, with the misleading statement that "it is probable that 1809 is a misprint for 1806." In a later sale, June 3, 1902, a copy of an earlier edition dated 1806 was offered, but the note from that catalogue is not included. Several extremely rare Shelley items which have been sold at Sotheby's, and to which important notes appeared in the catalogues are not found here, nor are the four extremely rare Frobisher items sold on March 16, 1907, included. The date of sale and catalogue lot numbers of the items quoted are given but the price is not. This information might have been included. The volume has as frontispiece a reproduction of a photograph of Sotheby's auction rooms during the first Amherst sale last December, with a key to important persons in attendance.

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On May 24 and 25 the Anderson Auction Co. will sell a collection of books including a private library from Oregon. A copy of the first edition of "The Federalist" (1788) in the original boards, uncut; a first edition of Irving's "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker" (1809), and Ethan Allen's "Reason the Only Oracle of Man" (1789), are the more important of the older books. Bancroft's "Poems" (1823); "The Offering for 1829," containing Emerson's first appearance in a book, the first copy to be sold at auction; a broadside poem of James Russell Lowell's (1858), unknown to bibliographers; several presentation copies of Thomas William Parsons's poems, and important first editions of Thoreau, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant also appear. On May 26 and 27 the same firm will sell a collection of autographs and manuscripts, among them being several unpublished poems by H. D. Thoreau. On the evening of May 27 they will hold a sale of engravings, etchings, and original drawings.

On May 25-28 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. offers the library of the late Andrew Merwin, one of the founders of the company, who had previously served for more than thirty years with Bangs & Co., the old house of book auctioneers. Included are a collection of editions of Homer and books about Homer (59 lots) and a Dante collection (23 lots). Other notable books are first editions of Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" (1849) and "Walden" (1854); Whittier's "History of Haverhill" (1832); Emerson's "Poems" (1847), first edition, in the original boards with the label; publications of the Roycroft Press, books on folk-lore, books on natural history, etc.

On May 25 and 26 C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the library of the late Prof. James Mills Peirce of Harvard University. A most important lot is the autograph manuscript of Benjamin Peirce's "History of Harvard University," including considerable material not in the work as printed. Professor Peirce was a friend of some of the leading writers of New England, and his library includes presentation copies of desirable first editions, among them Lowell's "Class Poem" (1838); Longfellow's "Hyperion" (1839); Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," large paper (1859); "The Guardian Angel" (1867); and "Urania" (1846).

Correspondence.

THE STATE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Taft's political programme, although veiled by half-hearted denials, seems to include an attempt to break up the solid South, and should the undertaking succeed, its chief beneficiary would be the Democratic party. The greatest handicap to the success of real Democracy is that the aristocratic, labor-despising, and privilege-seeking South is depended upon to furnish the bulk of Democratic electoral votes.

I speak as a Democrat who wishes to see the party become what it ought to be, and what it must be, either to succeed at the polls or to exist as a strong opposition, viz: a sane and progressive radical party, standing for the same issues in every State in the Union, and not for a different issue in every State. It cannot attain that desirable condition now, because every intelligent voter knows that, despite platform declarations, it cannot carry out any measure of real or radical reform while the Bourbon South dominates its councils. The attitude of Southern Democrats in Congress on the tariff question makes clear as noonday what was sufficiently clear before. The hope of Democratic success lies in opposition to special privilege in every form, and particularly in a form so odious as protection; but when the leaders of the dominant faction in the party are engaged in a frank and disgraceful struggle for a share of the protective loot, it is futile to hope that sincere opponents of privilege will ally themselves with such an organization.

Stripped of non-essentials the chief political issue now, of which the tariff question is only a phase, hinges upon the unequal distribution of wealth. There is no escape from this issue, and the man is wilfully blind who persuades himself that the feeling of unrest which pervades the lower and middle walks of life is a temporary or ephemeral discontent. This feeling is certain to become more and more acute as intelligent minds inquire more closely into economic conditions which produce overgrown fortunes and squalid poverty side by side. What the ultimate outcome of the discussion of this many-sided issue will be no man can tell; but that it will certainly result in the withdrawing of every governmental privilege, whereby one man is permitted to appropriate wealth created by another, without rendering any return therefor, cannot be doubted by any person familiar with the history of the Anglo-Saxon people.

In such a political struggle as this issue involves, there is no room for two reactionary parties. The Republican party, by its more abject subserviency to any crooked interest that will contribute to its campaign fund, and by reason of its perfect organization, has preempted the so-called conservative ground. The Democratic party cannot outbid it for the support of the privileged interests, even if the rank and file of the party would permit such a bid to be made. Moreover, the Western Democrats, in the Roosevelt-Parker campaign, showed what their verdict will be when their party managers make what they regard as a bid for the support of monopoly. The Socialist vote in the West is growing because thousands of men who do not believe the visionary nonsense of Debs and his disciples, feel that they have no other ticket to vote. And the Socialist vote will continue to increase until the Democratic party offers a political abiding place to men sincerely anxious for economic reform. If the Democratic party were to do this, the Socialist party in the West at least would be reduced to a handful of half-cracked extremists, whose ravings would disturb nobody. Not only that, but enormous inroads would be made upon the Republican ranks, and thousands of votes would be secured from men who, while tired of corporate domination of the Republican party, now see no choice between it and the Democratic party.

But the Democratic party can hold out no hope to these thousands while Southern renegade protectionists, who are Republicans upon every vital political issue, except the negro question, are held up as Democratic leaders. So long as this condition prevails, the Democratic party can only continue to exist as a sectional party, without principle or conviction, and without the hope of gaining a single recruit. Parenthetically, I will say that I sympathize, in a general way, with the Southern attitude toward negro suffrage; but I protest against a condition which makes the Democratic party play second fiddle to Sambo.

It is a foolish waste of time to talk about building up a Democratic party in the West, except along radical lines, and under conditions which will eliminate not only Southern leadership, but a considerable, if disgusting, element of Eastern leadership as well. Western Democrats are not only weary of Bourbon control, but I think they have parted company finally and forever with Tammany Hall. Your Western Democrat is tired of seeing a blatant, cynical, and corrupt aggregation of political mercenaries coming in force to every national convention, arrogantly demanding platform concessions which will enable them to raise a corruption fund for their local purposes, and then returning home to trade off the national ticket for a New York Governorship. If the next national convention were to refuse to seat a single delegate from Tammany, on the broad ground that that such delegates are not Democrats, but political outlaws and guerrillas, it would mean a million votes to the party in the West and Middle West.

Two causes contributed mainly to Mr. Taft's majorities in the West last fall. One was an instinctive distrust of the ability of the heterogeneous mass calling itself the Democratic party to accomplish anything, if it were successful, and the other was a belief—a mistaken one, I think—that Mr. Taft represented the radicalism of Mr. Roosevelt. In saying this I do not wish to be understood as indorsing the Rooseveltian output of economic error and ignorance; but I say it to emphasize the fact that the West is definitely and permanently committed to radical political action. That radicalism, I hope and believe, can be directed along safe and wholesome lines, if the Democratic party proves sagacious enough to take advantage of its opportunities.

Western Senators and Representatives, who are standing out for high protection, particularly on raw materials, are misrepresenting their constituents; they represent merely the special interests to which they owe a prior allegiance. For example, the Spokane Chamber of Commerce memorialized Congress for a duty on lumber and lead ore. I am convinced that a plebiscite would show a majority of the people of this city of 100,000 or more inhabitants for free lumber and free lead; and I am morally certain that, were the immense farming districts of this section permitted to take part in the vote, the majority would be overwhelming, particularly for free lumber. A belief that the protec-

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tive idea is fundamentally wrong, and that it is mainly responsible for the enormous cost of living, is growing rapidly all over the West, and several solons are due to learn this when they return from the present carnival of grab at Washington.

This letter is not the place to discuss all the forms which the struggle between democracy and privilege will ultimately take. The first battle will be over the tariff question, because protection is the most conspicuous atrocity within the present public vision. Upon that issue the Democratic party can win, because it ought to win; but it must first convince intelligent men that, in the event of victory, the fruits thereof are not to be surrendered by traitors within the camp.

Sectionalism, lack of any definite or coherent policy, indorsement of wild-eyed economic vagaries like Mr. Bryan's trust-regulation idea, and general political incapacity have combined to make almost a total wreck of the Democratic party; but enough remains to permit of a reorganization along broad, national, sane, radical, and progressive lines.

Permit a personal word in conclusion. I have voted four times for President—three times for W. J. Bryan and once for Alton B. Parker. I never did believe in free silver, nor do I believe now that the bank guarantee issue contains the essence of saving grace. But as a regular Democrat, a mere worker in the ranks, I claim the right to speak as one of the body of men who furnish Democratic votes.

JAMES F. IRBY.

Spokane, Wash., April 29.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIOLOGY: A REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nothing more truly amazing has appeared of late in the name of science than the article by Prof. Henry Jones Ford on "The Pretensions of Sociology" in your issue of April 29. When a whole class of scientific men, some of whom are as careful investigators and thinkers as American scholarship has produced, are attacked indiscriminately, they certainly have a right to demand that prejudice shall not be their judge.

In the first place, Mr. Ford does not distinguish between sociology and sociologists; nor does he distinguish these latter from social radicals and revolutionaries. All the plausibility of his argument is due to this confusion of the science and its votaries, together with the fact that he selects Spencer and Ward as typical sociologists, although their systems of sociological thought were formulated over a quarter of a century ago. There is scarcely one in the whole list of "established sciences" which has not in some stage of its development been exploited by quacks and visionaries. This is notably true of political science or philosophy, which produced a whole crop of dangerous radicals from Hobbes to Rousseau. At the present time, there is scarcely a mental healer in the United States who does not appeal to the science of psychology as the foundation of his art. Yet who would judge the science of psychology by such quacks?

As a matter of fact, very few sociologists of reputed standing endorse the revolutionary ideas which he credits all with possessing. Free love, trial marriage, divorce by mutual consent, the contract theory of society, and other anarchistic ideas, so far from being endorsed by a majority of sociologists, have, perhaps, been more powerfully combated by them than by any other class of scientific men. A few socialists and revolutionaries have put forward these ideas in the name of sociology, but not sociologists in the sense of scientific students of society. I challenge Professor Ford to name a single sociologist of standing who contends "that we should all be as free to find our affinities as cats or dogs"; or that "human beings should be free to mate as they please, and separate as they please, like other animals enjoying their natural freedom."

Even if the essence of Mr. Ford's criticisms holds as against a few individual sociologists of standing (and I admit that it does), still this should in no wise prejudice the question of the legitimacy of sociology as a science. What, then, is sociology? Sciences are distinguished by their problems, yet only a few sciences can be said to have a distinct field of their own. The same phenomena may be, and are, studied from many different points of view, or with reference to different problems, and different sciences result. Thus human society is the subject-matter of many different sciences, but none of these study it from the same point of view, or with the same problems in mind. Sociological literature from Comte down to the present shows that all sociologists worthy of the name have had practically the same problems in mind. These problems were set by Comte himself, viz., problems of the organization or order of society on the one hand, and problems of the progress or evolution of society on the other. The statement of these problems has been changed often by later sociologists by analyzing or breaking them up, and some have even added extraneous problems to the science; but with all sociologists of repute the problems of social evolution, on the one hand, and of social organization on the other, have been central. That is to say, human interrelations and their changes have occupied the attention of sociologists. Probably most sociologists to-day would say that they are studying the laws or principles of social change, and of social structure and function; or, to put it in still other words, they are investigating the origin, development, structure, and function of the forms of association.

These are not new problems in the history of thought, nor is sociology a new science except in the sense that it proposes to attack these problems by the new methods of positive science. Aristotle, Bodin, Hobbes, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and many others had more or less to say about these problems; but it was Comte's merit that he first definitely proposed to attack them by the methods of natural science, and he saw, too, that they belonged, not to politics, but to a science fundamental to all the special social sciences, which he named sociology. Yet, of course, even if Comte had never lived, there would still be a body of knowledge, or rather of theory, slowly becoming settled, which would correspond to sociology, though it might not have had this name. If there is any other science that has made these problems its main object of research, then the sociologist is perfectly willing to surrender his field; but, being interested in these problems, he is not willing to do this until he is shown that there exists such a science. Professor Ford implies that political science is able to take care of all the problems with which sociology deals. But I should like to ask him if a theory of society (human interrelations) is not quite different from a theory of the state or government? Most political scientists of the present are careful at the outset to distinguish between society and government, and say that their discipline is concerned only with the latter. In the past there have been political thinkers who have held to a contract theory of the state, but not of society. It would seem to be plain without argument, then, that the state is but one of many forms of association with which sociology may deal, but so important a form that it has developed a special science to deal with its many problems. To propose that this special science, political science, should reincorporate into itself sociology after the two have been differentiated is to propose that the historical process of increasing division of labor among the sciences should be reversed.

How, then, do sociologists propose to approach these problems of social change and social organization from the side of positive science? Simply by the use of the methods and principles of the "established sciences," especially of biology and psychology. In its more theoretical aspects, sociology is simply the biology and psychology of our social life, or, to be more exact, of the origin, development, structure, and function of the forms of association. Approaching its problems from the point of view of natural science and eschewing metaphysical principles, it could be nothing else. That sociology draws its principles of interpretation from other sciences is nothing strange, for this is true of many sciences. Physiology, for example, is nothing but the physics and chemistry of organic functions. At least this is the view held by conservative physiologists. What would be left of political science if one took from it history, psychology, jurisprudence, and, I may add, sociology? If it be claimed that the historical element and method give to political science its distinct character, then the same claim can be made for sociology, as Comte himself emphasized. If it be claimed that the subject of which political science treats is a unity and requires a unified science, then again the same claim can be made for sociology. The psychological and biological aspects of sociological theory by no means reduce that science to mere psychology and biology, any more than the psychology in economic theory reduces economics to psychology. Social evolution and social organization are unified processes, and a theory of social evolution and organization must take into account and harmonize both their psychological and biological elements.

Professor Ford adds to the speciousness of his argument by carefully selecting sociologists that are easy to criticise. He does not mention Tarde, Simmel, Barth, Ratzenhofer, Hobhouse, or Westermarck, but selects particularly Spencer and Ward as typical sociologists. Both of these men in their thinking were dominated by the

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traditional English philosophy, with its materialistic empiricism and sensationalistic psychology. Both were at bottom anti-Darwinian in their views of life, and hence in their theories of society. Nearly all that Mr. Ford says in criticism of their sociological doctrines is entirely just so far as it goes, but he forgets to mention their really great services to the scientific study of human society.

Mr. Ford has his own sociological theories (as every thinking man has), and strongly implies that a correct theory of social evolution can be built simply upon Darwin's teachings. He seems to be unaware that the "massive parapets and bastions" of Darwinism have recently been shaken to their foundations, and that a theory of society built upon them (as many sociologists whom he neglects to mention have attempted) may be no more secure than other theories. The truth is, sociology and all the other social sciences must wait upon the development of biology and psychology; and these antecedent sciences are, even to-day, in an unsettled condition. How absurd, then, to demand that sociology shall have a settled body of theory, or else deny to it the name of science! None of the social sciences possesses a settled body of theory; and no one understands so well as the trained sociologist how perilous it is to dogmatize on social questions. Probably if psychologists and biologists were to express themselves on the questions of the day, they, too, would express themselves dogmatically, and I believe that about the same proportion of radicals would be found among them. While Mr. Ford is sure that "there is no such science" as sociology, and that "there is no basis for it as a science," still he stands almost alone in his dogmatism upon this matter. If any one is fitted to judge such a question impersonally, it is the workers in the other general sciences most closely related to sociology, viz., biology and psychology; and within the last dozen years biologists and psychologists have come to recognize very generally that there is a place for sociology. The lack of a clear field with a well marked boundary for sociology has produced various petty bickerings and jealousies between sociologists and workers in other social sciences. But in the very nature of things, as I have already pointed out, there can be no such clearly defined field for sociology. As a general science it will always be difficult to differentiate it clearly from the special sciences which labor in the same field. In this respect, sociology is not different from other general sciences. Biology cannot be easily differentiated from the special biological sciences; and but a few years ago some workers in these special sciences refused to recognize the existence of a general science of biology. Now, however, it is quite generally recognized that certain problems, such as the theories of heredity, of variation, of selection, and of organic evolution, cannot be adequately dealt with by the special biological sciences. If it is convenient and even necessary to recognize a general science fundamental to all the special biological sciences, it is even more necessary, it could easily be shown, on account of the menace of one-sided views of the social life, to recognize a general science fundamental to all the special social sciences.

Sociology, as a scientific endeavor, has had at least two distinct merits: first, it has stood for the natural science view of human society, which, traditionally at least, the special social sciences have not stood for; secondly, it has as a consequence emphasized the psychological and biological elements in human social life as primary, rather than the economic and political elements. Sociology has, on the one hand, stood for applying the methods of positive science to the problems of the social life; on the other, for obtaining an all-sided, comprehensive view of the social life as opposed to fractional or one-sided views. The scientific importance of this endeavor, it seems to me, cannot be overestimated. If the right development of the humanistic sciences depends upon getting rid of one-sided views of collective human life; if sociology is simply the name for the larger, completer view of the social life; if, finally, the social sciences can furnish man with the means of mastering his social environment, as the physical sciences have furnished him with the means of mastering his physical environment, then it would seem not unreasonable to say that he who opposes sociology as such is unconsciously an enemy of mankind.

CHARLES A. ELLWOOD.

University of Missouri, May 10.

HAMMOND LAMONT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot tell you how deeply I feel the death of Mr. Lamont. During these days since his death no one has *lived* so vividly in my consciousness. To me—and I think to many other young men who met him—he has always seemed a kind of inextinguishable centre of vitality, communicating energy to all around him. The virile gusto of his personality, his trenchant speech, even his quick, decisive walk had something inexpressibly animating and heartening in them. I can see him distinctly at his desk, bending over his proofs, and with his swift stride going past my door with copy in his hand, and in a dozen different distinct attitudes, and I think that power he had of making his presence felt, of etching his mere physical image on the mind, was the effect of an almost uniquely straightforward will and clean-cutting intelligence. To those who saw him every day, his death must mean just now an abrupt and tragical termination of his splendid activity, but here in the distance I try to think of him as having passed into the company of the swordsmen invisible who fight beside us and before us forever.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., May 11.

[From the many letters which have come to us we print this, as an illustration of the impression made by Mr. Lamont on one who worked beside him in these offices for a brief period.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussion of this subject, the *Nation* (April 8 and 29) and President Warfield seem to be talking at cross purposes. Whether the Bible is or is not a good literary model depends on how it is used. If one takes merely its literary form and seeks to imitate it by molding his own ideas into that form, it is a poor model, and your strictures are well deserved. The only objection to them would be that they do not go far enough. They should not stop with the Bible, but should condemn without stint the entire practice of using the Bible, or any other book, for such purpose. No literary excellence ever was, or ever will be, attained in any such way. We are too apt to think of style as wholly a matter of form, a quality of expression merely; whereas it is a quality of both form and substance, of both thought and expression; but primarily a quality of thought. It is only clear, vivid, and orderly thought that can give rise to clear, vivid, and orderly expression.

Those who can truthfully be said to have acquired the style of the Bible or of Shakespeare are only those who have acquired the ability to think and feel as the Biblical writers and Shakespeare thought and felt. For such thought and such feeling, the style of Shakespeare and the Bible is the best of models and the perfection of literary art, precisely because it grows naturally, and, we may say, inevitably, out of those thoughts and those feelings. When we read:

> Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God—

or,

> Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me,

we feel that these utterances are final. Why? Because they have come throbbing and burning from the depths of the soul, and are instinct with the life that gave them birth. They are a living and breathing entity, and their life and their style are one and the same thing. It is evident, therefore, that any attempt to use the Bible as a literary model by a servile imitation of its stylistic form must necessarily be futile.

But there is another and very different way of using the Bible as a literary model. It is to acquaint ourselves intimately, not only with its form, but with its subject matter; to enter into its spirit and see how that spirit, striving for utterance, clothes itself in language of power and beauty; and to become ourselves imbued with the qualities which are there exhibited. Chief among those qualities are clearness, force, directness, simplicity, sincerity, and loyalty to truth and righteousness. Now these qualities are not only the characteristic qualities of the Bible, but they are, also, the cardinal qualities of all literary excellence. Hence in becoming imbued with them, we are acquiring what is indispensable for any superior literary style.

When this method of use is followed, there seems to be no room for questioning the value of the Bible, as literary model, and no real disagreement between your views and those of President Warfield. And that there is no such disagreement is further shown by the fact, that the misunderstanding of terms is not confined to the word model, but

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extends also to the word literary. Whether the Bible is or is not a good literary model depends not only upon the manner, as we have seen, but also upon the purpose, of its use; that is to say, upon the kind of literature sought to be thus modelled. For the literature of power, to use De Quincey's distinction, the Bible is the best of models; but for the literature of knowledge it is obviously no model at all. When you say that the Bible is not a good model for the kind of literature which is produced by "taking a vast and intricate subject having to do with public business, and tearing the heart out of it," or that which consists "in the orderly exposition of complex matters, in close and sound reasoning, or in accurate description," you are evidently dealing with the literature of knowledge, and the truthfulness of your assertion is manifest. But such writings do not belong to the kind of literature contemplated by those who extol the Bible as a model. With the manner and purpose of its use well understood, there can be little room for difference of opinion relative to the Bible as a literary model.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, Mich., May 6.

Notes.

Beginning with this issue, the Nation *will be conducted by Paul Elmer More, for five and one-half years literary editor of the* Evening Post, *and since July 1, 1906, associate editor of the* Nation.

Harpers have brought out a two-volume edition of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands," which has hitherto been published in four volumes. The material is not abridged.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that the translation of Professor Eucken's "The Problem of Human Life" will probably not be published until autumn. For immediate issue they have ready an important book by Major-Gen. A. W. Greely, called "Handbook of Alaska: Its Resources, Products, and Attractions."

Dr. C. W. Seidenadel has completed his study of the language spoken by the Bontoc Igorrote, and his work will be brought out at an early date by the Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago.

The entire library of the late Prof. Moritz Heyne of the University of Göttingen has been bought by the University of Illinois. It contains about 5,200 volumes on German literature and philology, and is especially rich in valuable editions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

Dr. Oscar Levy, a German Jew, who lives in England as a prophet, so to speak, *in partibus infidelium,* preaching Hebraism and Nietzscheanism to the un-ideaed Anglo-Saxon, has at last arranged to bring out a complete and authorized translation of Nietzsche's Works in eighteen volumes. Those who regretted the premature conclusion of a similar project under the general editorship of Prof. Alexander Tille will be glad to know that the present undertaking depends on no commercial contract, and is in consequence likely to proceed to the end. The editor "has not," to use his own words, "entered into any engagement with publishers, not even with the present one" (London: T. N. Foulis), "which could hinder his task, bind him down to any text found faulty, or make him consent to omissions or the falsification or 'sugaring' of the original text to further the sale of the books." Of the four volumes of this edition now before us, one, "Beyond Good and Evil," translated by Helen Zimmern, was published two years ago by the Macmillan Co. as part of the ill-fated project, and is now taken over into the new edition. The three other volumes include "Thoughts Out of Season, Part I," translated by Anthony M. Ludovici: "Thoughts Out of Season, Part II," translated by Adrian Collins; and "The Birth of Tragedy," translated by William A. Haussmann. The rest of the eighteen volumes are promised before the close of 1910. To the undertaking in general we heartily wish success. It is high time that a man whose name is so bruited about the world were made accessible to English readers, and a somewhat cursory inspection of the volumes now issued indicates that the translations are at once faithful and easy. At a later date, when the more important works have appeared, it will be time to discuss the meaning of this Nietzschean vogue which has swept over the European continent. Meanwhile we would only intimate that Dr. Levy, who furnishes a thoroughly amusing general introduction to the series, might find a second cause for the slowness of the Nietzschean propaganda in England besides the Anglo-Saxon's imperviousness to ideas against which he rails bitterly. There is also a certain sanity in the English mind which feels instinctively that this boasted philosophy of strength is in reality a product of febrile weakness. The best paragraphs in Dr. Levy's introduction are those in which he draws a comparison between Nietzsche and Disraeli, but he leaves out of account the "English, all too English" source of Disraeli's ideas.

"Early English Romances of Love" and "Early English Romances of Friendship," done into modernized prose for the New Mediæval Library by Edith Rickert (Duffield & Co.), are the first two volumes in a projected series of four illustrative of the old metrical tales in English. The first volume contains "Floris and Blancheflour," "Sir Orfeo," "Lay of the Ash," "Launfal Miles," "The Earl of Toulouse," "Sir Degrevant," "The Knight of Courtesy," and "The Squire of Low Degree." The second contains "Amis and Amiloun," "Sir Amadas," "Athelston," "The Tale of Gamelyn," "Roswall and Lillian," and "The Story of Gray-Steel." Each collection is prefaced by an introduction giving the novice a bird's-eye view of the labyrinthine territory of romance, and some hints of the often trackless wanderings and foregatherings of Celtic, Classical, and Oriental stories. A handful of concise notes furnish necessary information and a guide to original texts and scholarly treatises without detracting from the pleasantly belletristic character of the work. Each volume, furthermore, contains a half-dozen excellent reproductions of the delightful old illustrations, which, together with the antique pigskin bindings, give the distinctive tone to this Mediæval Library and commend it to the bibliophile. If there is sufficient demand, it is proposed to offer in the third and fourth volumes specimens of the narrative of adventure and of the story with a moral. This division of the material to show different methods of treating the same theme is somewhat novel and suggestive, and, as the editing of the romances of love and friendship has been accomplished with discretion, it is to be hoped that the requisite encouragement will be forthcoming. It may be objected that any one interested in these dim, chivalric fictions may with slight effort master the difficulties of the original versions—which is true; but there are doubtless many readers who will find quite as much pleasure in Miss Rickert's oldish-flavored prose from which all difficulties have been removed. For on the score of style, as the editor acknowledges, the English metrical romances are not to be taken too seriously—"the story's the thing." In this day of more than religious regard for the sanctity of ancient texts, it is both shocking and refreshing to read Miss Rickert's confession that in translating "Amis and Amiloun," spoiled by the English poet's conventional repetitions, she has "thought it justifiable to limit the number of times in which he says the same thing." If a desire to allure the old-fashioned gentle reader is not wholly unworthy, we commend the license, and could even bear to see it extended. Indeed, we doubt whether any translator who holds timorously to the prolixity of these "old-wives tales," as the pioneer Ellis called them, will ever gain them as many friends from the laity as he gained with his high-handed abridgements and satirical analyses.

We do not know who can be the author of "Under Petraia, with Some Saunterings" (John Lane Co.). She prudently remains anonymous. But any one whose duty it is to examine her banal pages can easily reconstruct her. A British spinster, nearer sixty than fifty, who travels with a pet cat, a pet dog, a "tub," a hot-water bottle, and various "boxes"; who wears the heavy, clanking, gold bracelets which date from the early fashions of the "dear Queen" (Victoria); who read Ruskin in her youth, and has never digested him; who reads Pater's "Marius the Epicurian" (*sic*) now, not to mention J. A. Symonds and a Selwyn Brinton, by whom she sets great store; these and similar familiar characteristics the author of "Under Petraia" reveals to you as you read. She has evidently known a minor poet or two. She quotes occasionally a distinguished savant of the British Museum (now dead). It may be that her cousin married a prebendary. At any rate, she lets you infer that she has high acquaintances in Church and state. Some imp persuaded her that she has literary talent, and the result is a volume of dreary commonplaces, nay, intolerable, unless you take it as a revelation of the point of view, taste, and knowledge of that species which has for half a century packed the cheap *pensions* of the European continent. This particular specimen has had a villa outside Florence, which warrants her in dropping into bad Italian. But perhaps it is worth while to read a chapter or two of her book in order to learn to what a pitch self-conceit can mount.

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Books on Italy multiply. The two latest volumes in the Mediæval Town Series (The Macmillan Co.) are "Milan," by Ella Noyes, and "Pisa," by Janet Ross. Both are much above the average. Miss Noyes shows here, as in her "Ferrara," an unusual ability to give an historic summary at once accurate, vivid, and interesting. In accordance with the purpose of this series, half of her book is descriptive of the present city, so that it may serve as a guide-book for strangers who want something more juicy than Baedeker. Milan played so large a part in Italian history from the eleventh century to the sixteenth that Miss Noyes's account of it is more than welcome. Mrs. Ross also is an experienced book-maker, and she does her duty conscientiously by Pisa. It is one of the defects of such a series, however, that the volumes must be of uniform length, irrespective of the importance of any particular city or of the amount of material about it. One feels, therefore, that Mrs. Ross has been obliged at times to spread pretty thin. Her three hundred pages devoted to the buildings and art prove that she has delved assiduously. Each volume has many illustrations. We are glad to see that the pen-and-ink drawings in vogue a few years ago, and borrowed from architectural designs, are going out of fashion. But why should books got up with so much taste as these be bound in so pale a blue that the gilt titles are illegible? That the title is meant to be read is a truism which no book-maker ought to need to be told.

The peculiar merit of "Daybreak in Korea" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Annie L. A. Baird, is that it is the simple story, by a woman, of her Korean sister's life in its phases of child-wife, widow, and slave. Though the leading character may be fictitious, yet all the facts and incidents narrated have come within the experience of the writer, and give a most vivid impression of the degradation and misery of the heathen peasant woman. The transforming power of Christianity and the happiness which it brings into these gloomy lives are so strikingly portrayed as to make the book a demonstration of the value of missions which cannot be gainsaid. Some interesting illustrations add to its attractiveness.

Many travellers in foreign lands write descriptive letters to their stay-at-home friends, but fortunately few of them are published in book form. The local newspaper is their usual depository. Occasionally one of them is more venturesome than the rest, and braves the publicity of print. Egypt is a country that lends itself quite readily to this form of exploitation, and a sample has recently appeared, in "From Cairo to the Cataract," by Blanche Mabury Carson (L. C. Page & Co.). Its alliterative title is untrue, as the start is made in New York. But the body of the book relates to the subject indicated. It is in the form of original letters, and gives a very good account of many of the things that one sees and experiences on the boat journey up the Nile and back again. One can easily imagine the nimble pencil of the note-taker and the industrious pen of the rehearser of information gathered indiscriminately from observation and from guide-books and histories. As a lively narrative of the doings and sight-seeing of a wide-awake American girl, the book is a success; and, as that is presumably its object, specific criticism may be spared. The forty-eight full-page pictures, almost all of them excellent, form its most valuable feature.

"The Black Bishop, Samuel Adjai Crowther" (London: Hodder & Stoughton), by Jesse Page, is the simple life-story, told mainly by himself, of a West African who was a kidnapped slave when a boy of fifteen and forty-three years later became the first negro bishop of the Church of England. The one aim of his life was to rescue his countrymen from the slavery of heathenism and to establish a native African church; and to him more than to any other single individual is due the present encouraging condition of the Nigerian provinces. For his labors were not confined to preaching the Gospel, but he did all in his power to encourage the native industries, his special interests being cotton-growing and the development of the palm oil trade, which he foresaw would in time eliminate the slave traffic with its train of hideous evils. Much information is given, beside the biographical details, about the problems presented by the Nigerian peoples to their white rulers and particularly of the extent, influence, and probable future of the Mohammedan invasion.

A new edition of the Abbé Loisy's "The Gospel and the Church" appears, with an introduction by the Rev. Newman Smyth (Charles Scribner's Sons). Dr. Smyth, as was evidenced in his "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism," is a sympathetic, discerning, and thorough student of the entire Modernist movement, and in his brief introduction of thirty pages he seeks to commend Loisy as an historian and biblical critic, as a believer and as a Modernist Catholic. He urges that Protestants have much to learn from Loisy, especially from his chapter on Catholic worship, concerning which he says:

> It would be hard to find elsewhere an understanding at once so simple and so profound of the spiritual need of symbolism, or a truer historical account of the development of the worship of the Roman Church. Protestants may find suggestions in this chapter for the possible enrichment, without loss of spirituality, of their own devotional service. The time is indeed come when neither in Rome nor in Geneva is God to be worshipped; but in many ways, whether by symbols or by spontaneous words, or with symbols enriched by the best life of long ages past, God, who is spirit, is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

In a recent volume from the University of Chicago Press ("The Teaching of Jesus about the Future"), Dr. H. B. Sharman applies in a methodical, even businesslike, fashion Prof. Burton's theory of the literary relation of the Synoptic Gospels to the utterances of Jesus touching "the time subsequent to the final severance of relations between Jesus and his disciples." It is a carefully paragraphed essay in documentary criticism. The historical conclusions, though reached independently, are neither novel nor startling.

Professor Foley does not like Anselm's doctrine of the atonement, does not like the assumption that this Reformation dogma is the Catholic doctrine. The purpose, therefore, of his Bohlen Lectures ("Anselm's Theory of the Atonement," by George C. Foley; Longmans) is not a contribution to the study of Anselm's theory, though his exposition may be accepted as trustworthy, but an apologetic for the "earlier and juster views which prevailed in Alexandria and Antioch." While many Christians share with Dr. Foley and the numerous writers quoted in the appendix the feeling of repugnance to the Anselmic theory, they might at the same time think that this apologetic is directed against a man of straw. Had the author begun not with the Apostolic Fathers, but with Paul, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and John, and had he given a treatment of the New Testament evidence which revealed a clear understanding not only of Jewish sacrifices, but also of the significance of the sufferings and death of the righteous for the unrighteous, a treatment uninfluenced by later imperialistic and feudalistic conceptions, he would have furnished the reader with the best apologetic against the Anselmic and other unethical estimates of the value of the death of Christ.

A new series of biographic characterizations of those persons who at critical points in the history of Germany have played leading parts is now being published under the title of Deutsche Charakterköpfe: Denkmäler deutscher Persönlichkeiten aus ihren Schriften (Leipzig: Teubner). The editor is Wilhelm Capelle. The recent volumes are "Heinrich Pestalozzi," by Hermann Wolsemann; "Joachim Nettelbeck: Bürger zu Kolberg," by Max Schmitt-Hartlieb; and "Goethes Freundinnen: Briefe zu ihrer Charakteristik," by Gertrud Bäumer. The persons whose correspondence we find in this last volume are Cornelia Goethe, Susanna Klettenberg, Lotte Buff, Johanna Fahlmer, Lili, Charlotte von Stein, and fully a dozen other women who influenced Goethe. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this series is found in the fact that much of the contents of each volume is the *verba ipsissima* of the subjects themselves.

It is to be regretted that Christoph von Tiedemann, who died in 1907, was not able to write more than two or three chapters of his "Sechs Jahre Chef der Reichskanzlei unter dem Fürsten Bismarck" (Leipzig: S. Hirzel.) His son, however, with the aid of much correspondence from the Kanzleichef to his wife, has put together some 500 pages of reminiscence which is likely to interest most Germans, and which here and there will attract the foreign student of Bismarck and German politics of his time. There are some pleasant sketches, brief and cameo-like, of the master of Friedrichsruh and his favorite dog Sultan, which remind one of Motley's reminiscences, and some stories of Bismarck's sense of humor. Among the references to individuals of note mention is made of Caprivi, and it is clear that Bismarck but slowly and late came to appreciate the possibilities in that man. Perhaps the most interesting general reading is the narrative of the attempts, in 1878, to assassinate the German Emperor, and the reactionary effect that the affair had on the Chancellor. From that time, Bismarck sought to put his iron heel on the threatening Socialist.

About one hundred poems comprise the little posthumous volume, "Schein und Sein," from the pen of Wilhelm Busch, just issued by Lothar Joachim, Munich, and embellished with a portrait of the poet and an autographic reproduction of his manuscript.

So much of the correspondence between

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the Humboldts and Goethe has never been found that Ludwig Geiger's collection of practically everything in hand up to date, together with critical notes (Berlin: Hans Bondy), should be well received. There are 118 letters exchanged between Goethe and Wilhelm and Karoline von Humboldt, and some twenty-one that passed between the poet and Alexander von Humboldt. This in itself is quite an addition to the 102 letters published twenty-one years after Goethe's death. An interesting fact revealed by the correspondence is the infrequency of writing, notwithstanding that Goethe once proposed to Wilhelm to send a letter once a month; and more astonishing, perhaps, is the infrequency of their personal intercourse. The Humboldts seldom came to Weimar, and they stayed but a short time when they did come. In addition to a good index, there are excellent reproductions in photogravure of the familiar Humboldt monuments at Berlin.

The educational work of a public library is well illustrated by the thirty-first annual report of Librarian W. E. Foster of the Providence Public Library, just issued. Significant is the fact that works in fourteen different foreign languages have been issued during the past year, the demands for books especially in Polish and Danish-Norwegian having greatly increased. An indication of the present trend of thought and interest is to be found in the statement that the largest additions to the library, 1,006 in number, have been books on social and political science. The next largest subjects were fiction and general literature.

The Académie Française has awarded the Grand Prix Gobert (9,000 francs) to Fortunat Strowski for his "Histoire du sentiment religieux en France au dix-septième siècle." M. Nouaillac receives the balance of the prize (1,000 francs) for his work on "Villeroy." The Prix Thérouanne (4,000 francs) is divided among M. Caudrillier, for his "La Trehison de Pichegru," and six others.

George Meredith died Tuesday morning at his home at Box Hill, near London. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. When he published his brief tribute to Swinburne, a few weks ago, few persons had any idea that it would be followed so quickly by the notice of his own death, although it was known that he had been in delicate health for some time and had already passed his eightieth year. His intellect had been so vigorous to the last that there was no sign of its approaching extinction. Only a few months have passed since he published a poem on Milton, which bore many of the most familiar characteristics of his thought and style. Of his early life but little is known except that he was born in Hampshire, on the 12th of February, 1828, and that he passed some of his early adult years in France and Germany. The influence of the literature of both countries bore fruit in his own work, but his especial genius was racy of the British soil. It was his original intention to follow the profession of the law, but it was not long before he abandoned his legal studies for the pursuit of letters. In 1849 he published a poem called "Chillianwallah" in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and in 1851 he came before the public with a volume of poems, dedicated to his father-in-law, the novelist, Thomas Love Peacock. Then for several years he was heard of from time to time in various magazines up to 1856, when he printed his first prose work, "The Shaving of Shagpat, an Arabian Entertainment." This at once attracted attention by its fantastic imagination and the occasional brilliancy of its descriptions. It was followed in 1857 by "Farina" and other tales, and, in 1859, by "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," which was to become one of the most widely known of his works. In 1861 "Evan Harrington" appeared, a book of a widely different character, founded upon the theme, "Can a tailor be a gentleman?" A year later "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside" came out and won the appreciation of connoisseurs by their intimate familiarity with country life. After this came "Sandra Belloni" (1864), "Rhoda Fleming" (1865), "Vittoria" (1866), "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" (1871), and "Beauchamp's Career" (1875). "The Egoist" appeared in 1879, and set the seal upon Meredith's reputation as a novelist. But this brilliant story, abounding both in the virtues and defects of the novelist, has also proved a bone of contention to the critics. Many there are who regard it as one of the greatest achievements of modern fiction, while others only find it inflated, laborious, and dull. "Diana of the Crossways" followed in 1885. His later works are: "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life" (1887), "A Reading of Earth" (1888), "One of Our Conquerors" (1891), "Empty Purse" (1892), "Jump to Glory Jane" (1892), "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" (1894), "The Amazing Marriage" (1895), "The Tale of Chloe," and other stories (1895), "Comedy and the Use of the Comic Spirit" (1897), "Selected Poems" (1900). As a conversationalist Mr. Meredith was supreme, his wide wisdom, his native wit, and his quick perception helping the aptness of his argument and illustration. A writer said of him some years ago:

> He is a man of infinite polish of manner, and his conversational powers can best be described as charmingly garrulous. His most delightful hero has no more Chesterfieldian manners than has his creator. He is tall, slender to fragility, with a delicate cameo face and nervous alertness. He seems often to be living in a world of which his listener is no part, yet this never shows itself in any rude, apparent oblivion of his or her presence. His voice is one of singular magnetism. In another man it would be an affectation in its drawling tones, but it seems to belong to Meredith.

Charles Betts Galloway, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Mississippi, died May 12, at the age of fifty-nine. He had filled many offices of trust in the church, and at the time of his death was president of the board of trustees of Millsaps College and of Vanderbilt University. He was a voluminous writer. His published works include the following titles: "Life of Bishop Linus Parker," "Handbook of Prohibition," "Open Letters on Prohibition" (controversy with Jefferson Davis), "Methodism, a Child of Providence," "A Circuit of the Globe," "Modern Missions—Their Evidential Value," and "Christianity and the American Commonwealth."

From London is reported the death of the Rev. William Francis Henry King, best known for his dictionary of "Classical and Foreign Quotations." Mr. King, at first a clergyman of the Church of England, was converted to Catholicism and published a defence of his change in "The Church of My Baptism."

Albert Langen, the well-known German publisher and founder of *Simplicissimus*, has died at the age of forty.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The Struggle for American Independence. By Sydney George Fisher. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

A History of the United States and Its People. By Elroy McKendree Avery. Vol. V. Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co. $6.25 net.

Mr. Fisher's volumes are an elaboration and continuation of his "True History of the American Revolution," though so far reconstructed as to be, to all intents and purposes, a new work; while Dr. Avery's volume completes the first third of the great undertaking which he has long had in hand. Both are substantial additions to the modern literature of the Revolution, and although written in a popular style, everywhere give evidence of extended first-hand use of authorities. The wealth of illustrations which has distinguished Dr. Avery's previous volumes is continued in the present one, and with a skill in selection and perfectness in mechanical execution that are beyond praise.

Since both writers devote about the same amount of space to the period from 1760 to 1776, with which latter year Dr. Avery's narrative breaks off, a comparison of method and point of view is worth making. Mr. Fisher, as readers of his earlier volume might naturally expect, is sure that we have quite misconceived the nature of the Revolution, and that the historians, for various reasons, have failed to tell the whole truth about it. In his opinion, the colonies were not contending for undisputed constitutional rights of Englishmen, nor were they resisting tyrannical interference and oppression. The Revolution was not the result of "grievances," as that term is commonly understood, but of a demand on the part of the colonies for a political relationship which, while giving them all the protective benefits of connection with the mother-country, would at the same time leave them practically independent. What Great Britain was aiming at, on the other hand, was a thorough reorganization of its system of colonial administration in the interest of a broad imperial policy, with firm control of colonial affairs. That policy was entered upon, not by ignorant and irresponsible officials anxious only to make money out of the colonies, but by enlightened statesmen who understood, however imperfectly they may have applied, the correct principles of colonial government.

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The weakness of Mr. Fisher's work at this point is its strident and even harsh assertiveness. His position is often quite as extreme as that which he combats. Doubtless the demand of the Americans for independence was a logical outcome of political ideas long nurtured, and not easily compatible with a theory of colonial dependence, yet it hardly follows that, in their reiterated protestations of loyalty to the mother country, they were framing specious and ingenious arguments to keep up appearances. It seems not to be realized by Mr. Fisher that men do not always see the end from the beginning, that the desire to make things hang together is strong wherever there is a developing system of law, and that use and wont are quite as powerful influences as logic in political action. It is by no means clear, notwithstanding Mr. Fisher's vehement contention to the contrary, that representation and taxation were not, in the eighteenth century, conjoined in the constitutional law of England, or that the consent of the colonies was necessary to the lawful exercise by Parliament of authority over them. The famous distinction between internal and external taxation, which he thinks never had a leg to stand upon, appealed to Franklin and Otis and to the first Continental Congress; while the English attempts at conciliation did not appear wholly unacceptable until after the declaration of independence.

Dr. Avery traverses the same ground, but his conclusions, though in the main the same as those of Mr. Fisher, are stated with noticeable moderation and restraint. His account of the constitutional dispute is concise and carefully phrased; for the most part, he sticks close to his documents, lets events speak for themselves, and avoids exhibiting motives and influences in a more striking light than they appear to have enjoyed at the time. Unfolding the same scheme of imperial development that engages Mr. Fisher, he can at the same time do justice to Bernard and Otis, Samuel Adams and Hutchinson, patriots and loyalists. From the purely literary point of view, this latest volume is his best; the style has greater evenness and dignity, and less of trivial digression and straining for popular effect, than in any of his earlier work.

To Dr. Avery must be awarded also the credit, no mean one in an historian, of greater carefulness, accuracy, and impartiality of statement; for Mr. Fisher, in spite of his extended citation of authorities, sometimes slips and sometimes appears to use only the facts that sustain his contention. Thus, the statements of Franklin and Washington, in 1774, to the effect that there was at that time no general desire for independence, are evidently regarded by Mr. Fisher as quite equivocal (Vol. I, pp. 208, 209). Otis's pamphlet, "The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved," which Dr. Avery (p. 49) thinks was intended "not to bring about a revolution, but to avert one," Mr. Fisher elects not to discuss. Of the Hutchinson letters he gives a ten-line summary, together with the single sentence: "There must be an abridgment of what are called English liberties" (Vol. I, p. 158); whereas Dr. Avery gives a fuller abstract and two connected passages.

Of the remaining topics covered by both writers, Mr. Fisher gives extended space to the loyalists, rightly holding the treatment of them by the patriot party as second in importance only to the prosecution of the war itself; and his account of the details of military life is both minute and valuable. Speaking generally, Dr. Avery, once the breach with Great Britain has opened, emphasizes the constitutional and political aspects of the struggle, while Mr. Fisher weaves into his narrative a greater wealth of picturesque incident. For the rest, Mr. Fisher's two volumes give a straightforward account of the war, fuller and better proportioned than that of Fiske, and entertainingly, if not well, written. There is less of novelty in the second volume than in the first, doubtless because the later period has been more carefully studied by others; and we merely note a judicious allotment of space to foreign affairs, the work of Congress, the campaigns in the South, and the negotiations for peace. In describing battles and military manœuvres, Mr. Fisher has some skill, notwithstanding that his imagination at times threatens to predominate over his facts. The wider relation of the war to Europe, India, and Canada also receives attention. The two volumes are fairly indexed, but for the index to Mr. Avery's pages we must, unfortunately, wait until the appearance of the final volume.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Sister. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It was a happy chance, or instinct, which led Mr. Crawford to return, in what was destined to be his last novel, to the field in which he had been most successful. Nearly half of the three dozen and odd romances which have been laid (according to the point of view) to his credit or discredit as the product of a much smaller number of years, deal with romantic episodes of modern Roman life. It is on this ground that his imagination plays most freely. Whether or not these animated figures are veritable Romans, born to the purple, they *are* animated, have the breath of life. Many of us followed the development of the Saracinesca series, number by number, with an interest almost breathless. "Sant' Ilario," "Don Orsino," "Casa Braccio," are still names to conjure with; and it is with an undeniable thrill of pleasure that we come upon a venerable member of that storied house playing an important part in "The White Sister." This is a son of Sant' Ilario, Monsignor Saracinesca—the young priest Ippolito of Corleone.

The most striking merit of Mr. Crawford's work was its directness. His style is simple to ingenuousness, even childishly direct and explicit. He is "the story-teller in the bazaar," determined, as his eye rests with kindly humor upon his motley audience, that every man jack of them shall know what he is driving at. By choice, he uses monosyllables, and one sentence runs into another with the fluidity of good talk. If he digresses now and then, he apologizes for the liberty like a gentleman, explaining the connection between the given comment and the story proper. To get ahead with the story, to make it intelligible, are his chief aims. He knows what happened: it is his business to tell it. He knows what happened!—that is the mark of the natural story-teller. It must have been a surprise to many of us to learn recently that Crawford, during years of hard journalistic service, believed that he had no natural power of invention. When he did begin to write novels, it was with a rush of energy, a direct vision of the events he wished to record, and an eager flow of speech about them, that gave the effect, at least, of improvisation. This seemed to him the right way, and he does not hesitate to express his impatience of other ways. The "white sister" is a Roman girl who becomes a nun after her lover is reported dead. Says Mr. Crawford:

> An accomplished psychologist would easily fill a volume with the history of Angela's soul from the day on which she learned the bad news till the morning when she made her confession and took the final vows of her order in the little convent church. But one great objection to psychological analysis in novels seems to be that the writer never gets beyond analyzing what he believes that he himself would have felt if placed in the "situation" he has invented for his hero or heroine. Thus analyzed, Angela Chiaromonte would not have known herself, any more than those who knew her best would have recognized her. I shall not try to "factorize" the result represented by her state of mind from time to time; still less shall I employ a mathematical process to prove that the ratio of dx to dy is twice x, the change in Angela at any moment of her moral growth. What has happened must be logical, just because it has happened; if we do not understand the logic, that may or may not be the worse for us, but the facts remain.

It must be admitted that the less said about the logic of the events in the present narrative, the better. Angela becomes Sister Giovanna, a nursing nun, dedicating her life quite as much to the memory of her lover as to the

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service of God. He returns to life, and demands that she break her vows and marry him. She refuses, he kidnaps her, and tries threats as well as arguments to bring her to his purpose; but (although she is tempted) in vain. He finally restores her unharmed to the convent, and she determines to join certain of the sisters who have volunteered (practically suicide) for service in a leper settlement far from Rome. The mother superior of the order turns out to be her flesh and blood mother, and is heartbroken at the thought of her sacrifice. Still, she cannot advise a breach of the sacred vows. But at this moment the lover gets blown up, and refuses to have his life saved by the only possible means, unless the nun consents to petition for a release from the veil. This brings about an apparently final deadlock, which is, however, rather summarily and unexpectedly broken by Monsignor Saracinesca, who says that "there is a limit beyond which fidelity to an obligation may bring ruin and even death on some one whom the promises did not at first concern." He has (to put it vulgarly) a pull with the Cardinal Vicar, and can easily arrange the matter: and so it is arranged.

The finale is disconcerting. After a considerable struggle, the reader has just made up his mind that the heroine being really a good deal of a saint, and the hero more or less of a cad, it is just as well that decency and order should not be annihilated to make two such lovers happy. Monsignor does not consent that the bonds of the church should be broken in the name of humanity and common sense, yet he permits the church to be bullied by what is virtually a threat of suicide. And yet one has somehow the sense that this is what actually happened, and that it was, on the whole, the most human and comfortable way out of a bad matter. In some such mood we have been in the habit of looking up from our periodical Crawford novel. We can but regret the stilling of a voice so manly, so simple, so debonnaire.

Katrine. By Elinor Macartney Lane. New York: Harper & Bros.

This posthumous book, graceful and charming as it is, will hardly add perceptibly to Mrs. Lane's literary reputation, which must henceforth rest upon "Nancy Stair," as it has done since the publication of that skilful bit of pseudo-history. The story, situations, and persons of "Katrine" are all well-worn. She is the beautiful and gifted daughter of a well-born Irishman afflicted with more or less intermittent alcoholism; and she loves and is loved by Francis Ravenel, a young Southerner, whose pride of race forbids him the thought of marriage with her. When he warns her of this, Katrine's love and pride are both outraged, and she goes abroad, after the death of her father, to forget Frank, and study singing with the great teacher Josef. We have also the familiar spectacle of another suitor, twice as worthy as Frank of the girl's heart, but utterly unable to obtain it. Of course, Katrine's ultimate capitulation at her lover's sick-bed has been a foregone conclusion since their first parting. We must repeat, that if Mrs Lane's name is to live among the modern story-writers, it must be for the sake of Nancy Stair, not for that of Katrine Dulany.

The Hands of Compulsion. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The persistent love of a lass of the Isle of Arran for a handsome, unsound-hearted lad, with her bitterly achieved cure, forms the nucleus of this story. But its best entertainment and workmanship lie in the surrounding circumstance of earth, air, sky, sea, and Scotch humanity. Annie's love is provokingly tenacious. The man she loves is exasperatingly inferior and motivelessly mean. But Annie's walk and talk, and Annie's father, with his Scotch austerities and mortal vanities, and Aunt Sarah's very human eccentricities and searching phrases are full of savor, breathing northern airs. There are other oddly fashioned characters, too, who weave in and out, more or less loosely, producing the effect of a fabric spun out by the yard rather than made into a garment of any particular shape. But it is a book of wholesome reading, breezy out-of-doors, and cosey within.

A Canyon Voyage. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Afialo. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

Next to the voyage of Columbus across the unknown seas, perhaps the most amazing feat of daring on record was Major Powell's first expedition down the Colorado River, in 1869; a journey on frail boats through a thousand miles of cañons created by a turbulent, foaming stream which, for long stretches, had carved its way more than a mile below the level of the surrounding land and was reported to disappear underground at some places. A graphic account of this thrilling ride was written by Powell and published by the government; but unforeseen obstacles had prevented the acquisition of the scientific data desired. To secure these in the light of the former experiences, Major Powell undertook a second expedition, better equipped, in 1871. Of this exploring party, Mr. Dellenbaugh became a member, "by great good luck," as he puts it. scores of men being turned away disappointed; and, in the present volume, which is none the less valuable for being so belated, the author gives a vivid account of the experiences and hair-breadth escapes on this second voyage. A synopsis of the trip was printed in his "Romance of the Colorado River," but the complete story is now told for the first time. Major Powell himself exhorted him, several years ago, to write this fuller account, and in complying with this request, the author had the privilege of using, not only his own notes, but the diaries of several other members of the party.

It was decidedly worth writing, this detailed record; a more absorbing, and at times stirring, story of adventure has not seen the light in a long time, and the author's unadorned, yet vivid, style enables the reader to share all the emotions of the explorers. When they started, at Green River City, Wyoming, not a single settler lived on or near the river for a distance of more than a thousand miles. The whole region was a howling wilderness, peopled here and there by a band of Indians, whose intentions might or might not be friendly. The cliffs that walled in the river were unscalable almost the entire way; and what made the situation particularly hazardous—even more so than the voyage of Columbus—was that once the trip was begun, there was no possibility of returning. For that the river was too swift, the rapids too frequent. There were days when, after Herculean labors in lifting boats, climbing over gigantic boulders, tugging, pulling, shoving every minute, only a mile or two of progress was made. There were places where a successful run of the rapids would take two minutes, while a "let-down" would occupy as many hours. But was the run safe to risk? That question confronted them almost constantly, and the decision usually had to be instantaneous. The major was always on the outlook, but because of incessant changes in the bed of the stream, his memory of the first trip was not of much service. Once the major exclaimed "By God, boys, we are gone," but they pulled through. Another time, they were all spilled in the foaming water, and what happened then, it takes the author several pages to tell.

These men had big appetites, with little to eat; they slept on sandbanks, glad if they could find a few willow twigs to put under their backs; they had adventures with Indians, Mormons, rattlers, scorpions, wolves; they hunted deer and mountain sheep; they heard wonderful echoes and uncanny noises; they came across relics of cave dwellers and the wreckage of luckless boatmen; they saw cañon cliffs simulating every known style of architecture; and they took a large number of photographs,

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many of which are reproduced in Mr. Dellenbaugh's volume, and make the reader eager to take the next Santa Fé train for Williams, Arizona.

The Grand Cañon was the one big thing the author of "Sunset Playgrounds" missed, and afterwards everybody told him, "Why, you haven't seen America!" He did, however, see southern California, the Yosemite, Tahoe ("the loveliest lake I ever dropped a line in"), San Francisco rising from the ruins, Portland, Seattle, and all the interesting things Canadian between Vancouver and Montreal. He is an Englishman who travelled seven thousand miles to catch a tuna, and never got sight of one; yet he is anything but sorry he made the trip. He tells his countrymen, as one who has had wide experience, that for all game fishes except salmon "America is without a rival"; and he tells those Britons who have only a month's holiday that, though half of their vacation may go in the round trip, they will get more fish in the remaining half than in the whole month at home, while the cost is about the same as the rental of first-class water in Scotland. Canada offers the largest opportunities, but the fisherman's paradise is Catalina Island, thirty miles off the coast of California. Here Mr. Aflalo had the time of his life, enjoying "the finest sea-fishing in the world."

The Ancient Greek Historians. By J. B. Bury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Professor Bury's Harvard lectures on the Greek historians are well suited to their purpose by their lucid and readable style. But, in substance, they are rather the running commentary of a professional and up-to-date historian than illuminating literary appreciations of the great writers with whom they deal. He is chiefly interested in points of his own overlooked by the Germans, or in the newest *geistreiche* combination of Wilamowitz, or the latest papyrus find. But we do not wish to censure the author for not doing something that he has not chosen to do. We merely note, in passing, the tendency to transfer the idea of progress from the physical to the historical sciences, and the consequent failure to distinguish with sufficient sharpness between the fashions and conjectures of the temporary leaders of scholarship, and the abiding body of tradition. This said, it remains only to enumerate the chief topics and suggestions of Professor Bury's interesting volume.

The critical and rationalistic spirit of Ionia evolved history out of the genealogical, local, and geographical epic. The "father of history" was Hecatæus of Miletus, who, "we may pretty confidently assume," was the source of Herodotus to an extent that Herodotus himself does not recognize—but Professor Sayce does. The last three books of Herodotus were composed first, as R. W. Macan has made clear, probably in the years 456-445, before the travels in Egypt and Babylonia. The account of the Persian wars was, "we may conjecture," an answer to the challenge of the Ionian λόγος of Dionysius of Miletus, in which the Ionians were shown in a more favorable light and Athens played a less brilliant rôle. Otherwise what chiefly interests Mr. Bury in Herodotus is his critical spirit—the precise limits of his skepticism. Incidentally the Greek idea of the jealousy of the gods is banished from its last refuge. The ordinary Greek attributed to his gods not only Nemesis towards the prosperity of the wicked but jealousy of all human eminence. Plato, followed by Aristotle, protested that "envy has no place in the guise divine." But what of the fifth century writers? It has for some time been the fashion to argue that Æschylus outgrew the idea on which the Prometheus is based, and that the chorus of the Agamemnon repudiates it. The late Prof. James Adam, in his "Religious Teachers of Greece," tries to show that Pindar had outgrown it, and now comes Mr. Bury and tells us that "the catastrophe which befalls the Persian expedition is not conceived as the work of jealous gods, annoyed by the conspicuous wealth or success of mere mortals."

Ample justice is done to Thucydides as the founder of political and critical history, and the first practitioner of the archæological method. No part of the history was published until after the year 404 B.C. When the preface to the fifth book was written, the significance of the entire war was first revealed to the author, and he decided to combine in the artistic unity of the whole his separate studies of the ten years' war, and the Sicilian expedition. An entire chapter is devoted to the speeches with the strange omission in both text and bibliography of all reference to Jebb's masterly essay. The chief new suggestion, if it is one, is that the contorted style, which is not found even in all the speeches, is a hint to the reader that Thucydides is setting forth his own reflections with all the art which he had learned in the school of Gorgias or Antiphon. The application of this criterion yields the conclusion that the "Epitaphios" is not even in substance the utterance of Pericles, but embodies Thucydides's own psychological study of the Periclean régime and its lofty but impracticable ideal. Even if we concede this, it is surely fanciful to see an oblique sneer at Periclean idealism in the words attributed to Cleon in the Mytilene speech long after Pericles's death: ζητεῖ ἄλλο τι ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν ἢ ἐν οἷς ζῶμεν, which Mr. Bury thinks are the exact Greek equivalent of "he is an idealist."

A brief chapter on Roman historiography and some observations on the philosophy and uses of history conclude a volume whose value for all students of the Greek historians is in no wise affected by these minor criticisms which we have thought more profitable than the indiscriminate praise usually awarded to writers of Professor Bury's eminence.

The Precinct of Religion in the Culture of Humanity. By C. G. Shaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Professor Shaw's object is to prove that religion is independent of science and philosophy. In this position he falls in with one direction of current thought as represented by Edward Caird and other writers. Religion, he holds, is religious consciousness, it is the self-affirmation of the soul, it turns in despair from the imperfections and contradictions of the world to seek satisfaction and peace in a divine order that offers an adequate aim for life, and in a divine person who gives reality to the world; "what genuine religious thinking demands is a universal realm in which the supremacy of God and the destiny of man may live in eternal communion" (p. 218). This is merely an elaboration of the definition of religion—religion is faith in an omnipotent righteous ruler of the world. Professor Shaw, however, goes a step farther, and ascribes to religion the power of creating ideas. "The testimony of philosophy," he says (p. 56), "seems to be that it is from religion and from religion alone that we have obtained just these three all-important ideas of a personal soul, the unity of the world, and the absoluteness of the world-soul," and he adds: "It is from religion that our philosophy has received its idea of the soul." He should rather say that it is religion that gives these ideas their noblest form. It is in such statements as those just quoted that the logical defect of the work lies. While its spirit is admirable, its learning competent, and its philosophical, social, and historical criticism suggestive, it does not clearly distinguish between creation and adoption—it represents religion as originating what it only accepts and defines. The soul has always been known to man through his ordinary experience—religion invests it with dignity by making it the friend of the Deity. The unity of the world is a philosophical dogma—religion makes it instinct with spiritual life. Belief in the absoluteness of the world-soul might exist without religion, but religion tinges it with emotion and makes it a practical element of life. Religion is not the only form of thought that is dissatisfied with the world—ethics seeks to improve human conduct, Socialism looks to an

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economic reconstruction of society. Religion differs from these not in seeking something better than now exists, but in the source to which it looks for betterment. Possibly Professor Shaw has these points in mind, but he does not make them clear. His interesting work would gain in effectiveness by emphasizing the fact that religion is an attitude of mind, and that its doctrinal content—the soul, the world, God—comes by the ordinary processes of mind.

Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia: An Account of an Englishwoman's Eight Years' Residence amongst the Women of the East. By M. E. Hume-Griffith, with Narratives of Experiences in both countries by A. Hume-Griffith, M.D. With 37 illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Like Dr. Wishard's recently published "Twenty Years in Persia," this work is the record of a physician's intimate personal experience among Persians of all classes. The story is not a new one, nor a very important one, but it has the vital interest which belongs to all faithful transcriptions of human life. It is, moreover, a sad story, as that of the physician is likely to be. This should be remembered by the reader; for what the physician sees behind the veil, while true, is not the whole story. Many of the incidents related would seem incredible to the stranger to Eastern manners and customs were they not the narrative of an eye witness. The pitiful hardships of child labor in the carpet-weaving districts, the barbarous practices of Persian medicine and surgery, the cruel punishments of Persian justice, the rapacity and extortion of the mullahs, the degraded lot of woman, whose birth is regretted, whose death is unmourned, and whose life is a literal slavery to the pleasures and necessities of an absolute master—all these are facts, and they, rather than the brighter aspects of life in the East, which are quite as real, form the burden of the narrative. In this respect Mrs. Hume-Griffith's book, for her share in the authorship is the larger, compares unfavorably with that of Dr. Wishard, who, perhaps because of his longer residence, sees the good and hopeful which exists in the Eastern character.

There is no pretension to literary quality or learning, the chapters succeeding each other like a series of letters written to friends at home. But they afford interesting pictures which contribute to the general understanding of social conditions in a portion of the East as yet scarcely touched by Western influences. The illustrations are more than usually striking, being evidently drawn from other sources than the common stock from which the traveller ordinarily obtains his supply.

Science.

A Naturalist in Tasmania. By Geoffrey Smith. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

This book is the result of an expedition which was undertaken especially to study the fresh-water life of Tasmania, and for which a grant was made by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The first chapter introduces the reader to the early explorers, Dutch, French, and English, of the island at the extreme south of Australia. The account of the Tasmanian aborigines is particularly interesting, because, from their low state of culture, they have been regarded as extant survivals of paleolithic man. The other implements which they used, besides wooden spears and clubs, were roughly chipped stone scrapers, true paleoliths, without any attempt at grinding or polishing of edges. They knew how to make fire by twisting a pointed stick upon dry tinder in a hollowed-out piece of wood. They had the custom of our American aboriginal Indians of burning the forests to clear out the underbrush and to form grassy clearings or meads; and they knew how to entice to feed therein the kangaroos and other game. They ate shell fish and cray fish, the eggs and flesh of the mutton-bird, or sooty petrel (*procellaria*); the roots and shoots of ferns, seaweeds, and fungi. They had also so far acquired that especially Southron-American taste which President Taft has lately popularized, that they ate opossums ("'possum") and other native marsupials. Little is known of their religious opinions, though they seem to have believed in evil spirits, whether they did in a supreme Being or no; and they probably believed in a future state. The Quaker missionaries, Backhouse and Walker, when visiting a remnant of the tribes, saw an old woman placing together sundry flat stones marked variously with black and red lines. These, she explained, were her country people absent from her. Unwilling to refer to them as dead, she spoke of them as "plenty far away." Thirty years ago this interesting and unfortunate race became extinct. It was the old story of the effect on primitive tribes of close contact with the European. Imported diseases, vices, race hostility, and pernicious liquors wrought degeneration, and finally death. The last of the pure-blooded Tasmanians, named Truganini, died in 1876. Her mother was murdered by sailors, her sister was carried off by sealers, she herself was originally kidnapped, and her lover murdered by two sawyers in the government employ. And her complete skeleton is now preserved in the museum at Hobart.

Following these introductory accounts, the author takes up the story of the fauna and flora of the island. These he describes with considerable fulness, and in a thoroughly scientific, though popular, manner. In other words, he does not burden his narrative with technical terms and details of interest to specialists alone, but gives the results of his observations of trees and shrubs, birds and wild beasts, fishes, reptiles, and crustaceans, mountains, lakes, rivers, and natural scenery, in a style so plain and graphic that the intelligent lay reader follows him with great pleasure, as well as advantage, and the trained naturalist with equal satisfaction and enjoyment. The book is richly illustrated by numerous drawings and photogravures; and an excellent map of the island presents its geological features and physiography. One rises from the reading of this admirable book feeling that the author has kept faith with one, and has given a good view of Tasmania and its natural characteristics.

A School of Forestry has been opened at Oxford, England, in the new Forestry building erected by St. John's College, at a cost of over $50,000, for the use of the university. The event marks an advance in the development of studies in rural economy which will be of great practical benefit both in England and India. Rider Haggard was one of the speakers at the dinner given in connection with the opening exercises.

H. W. Wright's "Birds of the Boston Public Garden" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is clear evidence of the ever-widening interest in birds. Not many years ago publishers brought out only general works on natural history. Then came the day of animal and bird books, and now we have embodied in a well-made volume the notes of eight seasons, relating only to the migratory birds observed in a twenty-four-acre oasis, situated deep within the desert of a city's streets. Naturally, one must be a Bostonian to get full measure of value from these records, but the perseverance and enthusiasm of the author cannot fail to inspire bird-lovers in other cities and places. In the first part of the book Mr. Wright gives a concise description of the Public Garden, and outlines his results. His record day for number of birds during the eight years was May 12, 1908, when 137 individuals of 28 species were observed. Three-quarters of the book is devoted to a list, well annotated, of 116 species of American birds, two introduced species, and two probably escaped from captivity, all of which were observed within the Boston Public Garden. It constitutes a remarkable record of thorough observation in a very limited area.

Drama and Music.

Three new volumes bring the issues of the Tudor Facsimile Texts to an imposing number. One of the new volumes is Ulpian Fulwell's "Like Will to Like," reprinted from a copy of the edition of 1587 in the British Museum. The only other copy of this edition known to exist is one

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that turned up in the Mostyn sale at Sotheby's in 1908. The British Museum copy is rather badly smeared, and the reproduction brings out this fault, as it does all others. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, who is comparing all these reprints with great care, says that the stained pages are even a little worse here than in the original. Another volume contains the "Nice Wanton" from a copy of the earliest known edition (in the British Museum) of 1560. The interlude has already been issued in this series, reprinted from the edition of c. 1565. The two reprints thus offer an interesting field of comparison. Among other things, the copy of 1565, by the excellence of its text, proves the wisdom of the British Museum authorities in purchasing the rare books of the "Irish find" of 1906. Mr. Herbert reports the present reproduction as "generally excellent," and the good results of using a harder, smoother paper for these reprints will be seen by comparing this volume with the earlier facsimile of the same interlude which was sent to subscribers in 1907. The third volume now issued contains "Youth" in two forms: one from the Lambeth Palace fragment, of a date not earlier than 1528, and the other from the Waley edition of c. 1557. These two, with the reprint of the Copland edition already issued in the series, comprise all the known impressions of this curious and interesting interlude. Here again opportunity is afforded of making an instructive comparison of texts. These volumes, like all the earlier issues, are edited by John S. Farmer, and published by T. C. & E. C. Jack of London.

The celebration at Rome of the eightieth birthday of Tommaso Salvini, deferred from New Year's in consequence of the earthquake, began on the evening of April 29 with a special performance in the Argentina of Sebatino Lopez's "Buona Figluola," followed by a recital of Dante's "Death of Count Ugolino," by the actor's son, Gustavo Salvini, and the presentation of commemorative wreaths and parchments by his fellow actors. At the Campdoglio, the following day, Mayor Nathan, in behalf of the city, presented a medal recording Salvini's share in the defence of the Roman republic of 1849, and the King conferred on him the order of the Crown of Italy. A gold medal struck in his honor by Queen Margherita and gifts from Trieste and the chief cities of Italy were announced. In this connection mention should be made of two recent publications, "Vita aneddotica di Tommaso Salvini," by Jarro (Giulio Piccini), and "Tragedia e Scena dialettale," by Antonio Russo Ajello, a study of Salvini's art and its influence on the contemporary Italian stage.

H. B. Irving has been talking to the Pen and Palette Club in London on the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre scheme. In the course of his remarks he said that any scheme for a national theatre which did not fall into practical hands was foredoomed to failure. The plan, as put forward, was, he said, full of elaborate proposals. For instance, the governing body of the theatre was to be a council and standing committee composed of representatives of the universities, the Royal Academy, the County Council, various municipalities, the high commissioner of the colonies, and a few others. What could such a body have to do with the control of a national theatre? Why should the theatre, as though it were a dangerous lunatic, be considered incapable of looking after its own affairs? No one could wish more keenly than he did that they might have one day a great national theatre, but let them see that the theatre did not become a prey of faddists and amateurs.

Beerbohm Tree will produce in London the Beethoven play, of M. Fauchois, which was so well received at the Paris Odéon. Louis N. Parker will make the English version for him. Beethoven is shown in his later years, the climax of the second act being reached at the moment when he suddenly becomes stone deaf. The third and last act ends with his death, an event immediately preceded by a vision, in which the dying composer is surrounded by living realizations of his "nine symphonies." "Beethoven" was praised highly by the Parisian critics, and is said to be one of the pieces selected for representation by the New Theatre in this city.

Bayreuth is to retain its monopoly of "Parsifal," the association of German operatic managers having agreed unanimously not to stage this work as long as the Bayreuth festivals continue.

The Finnish Senate, which has power to award each year prizes varying from $300 to $1,200 to authors and artists, has this year voted an annual life pension of $1,000 to Finland's foremost composer, Jean Sibelius.

The extraordinary difference between operatic conditions in Milan and New York is illustrated by the fact that during the past season the two operas most frequently sung were Spontini's "La Vestale," which had sixteen performances, and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," which had twelve. Giordano's opera failed to please New Yorkers, and if Spontini's old-fashioned opera were revived here, it would probably have a run of one consecutive night. Strauss's "Elektra" was sung only six times.

Since no novice finds it more difficult to get a hearing than the young composer of orchestral music, the national competition for a new orchestral suite or a symphonic poem, just announced by the Roman Society of Authors, contains the commendable provision that the successful composition shall be performed during the season of 1909-10 at one of the symphony concerts given in the Anfiteatro Corea. As these concerts are supported jointly by the Royal Academy of Saint Cecelia and the city of Rome, it is fitting that the responsibility of these bodies for the advancement of Italian music should be recognized in this way, as well as by the formation of competent interpreters—a service they have shown their intention of performing by appointing as director for a single concert each season one of the youngest of Italian musicians, Vittorio Gui.

Prof. Julius Hey, the well-known German music-teacher, has died at Munich in his seventy-seventh year. He had assisted Wagner in bringing out "Tristan und Isolde," the first time in Munich, and had instructed a number of the best Wagnerian singers.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 1.

Innovation of any kind comes as a surprise at the Royal Academy. The fact that two hundred fewer pictures have been hung this year, and that, in consequence, a narrow strip of wall space is left bare below the ceiling, would seem almost a reform, if the reduction in quantity meant a corresponding improvement in quality. But though the little bare strip of wall space is much to be thankful for, the standard, as far as the pictures are concerned, remains the same, and the hanging below the strip as unintelligent. It is really extraordinary how faithful the Academy is to its own level of dulness.

The truth is that, for art as for literature, the present moment is one of commonplace, and it is inevitable that this should be felt above all in an institution as vowed to commonplace as the Academy. The exhibition at Burlington House has never been of artistic importance during the twenty-five years I have been going to it regularly every summer, but it is now, if anything, more unimportant than ever. That the older Academicians, men like Poynter, Tadema, Dicksee, Fildes, Herkomer, should continue to turn out very much the same pieces of Academic correctness and archæology and sentiment and prettiness and commonness is only natural. But I find that even some of the younger members, whose work, in its freshness, was once a pleasant contrast to the prevailing monotony, have fallen into the Academic fashion of repeating themselves until they, too, are in danger of preferring formula to Nature. There was a time when Mr. Clausen's pictures attracted attention, though they might not be masterpieces, by his unmistakable effort to work out some problem of light or atmosphere. But his problems are becoming stereotyped. For the Diploma picture which the newly elected Academician must present to the Academy, and which he is now showing, he has painted the "Interior of an Old Barn," as he has more than once before and under much the same conditions. In another painting he has placed an "Old Reaper" in the landscape and under the sky he has of late years made so familiar; and it is only the master like Corot or Millet who can go on repeating the same subject and the same treatment without growing stale. In a third, "Late Moonrise" has given him a new theme, but it seems to have bewildered him, as if he had no longer the eye for new problems, and the landscape is filled with a light that never shone except on his small canvas. Mr. Edward Stott, an-

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other exhibitor who for long claimed and repaid attention, is apparently conscious of the danger of repetition, but strives to escape it, not by closer and more intimate study of Nature, but by anecdote, which is much more in favor with the Academy's public. At first, he endeavored to put down simply what he saw—Nature in her tranquil moods, a quiet stretch of fields or heath, a low range of hills, a country lane, the people who belonged there as they came and went on their daily tasks, if they happened to give just the necessary touch of space or color. He invented nothing in the way of subject or detail, seeming to know that the beauty was in the mystery of dawn or dusk, in the harmony of tone or the rhythm of line. But now he must arrange the figures in the landscapes and give them an artificial value, and he brings together a woman and her child, a sheep and its young, and calls his picture "Two Mothers," that it may please the many who revel in sentiment; or else he makes the twilight gather upon The Flight of the Holy Family through a lovely landscape to which they have no real relation and where they only keep you from seeing how tenderly the shadows envelop the hills beyond, how quietly the light fades from the evening sky. And so it is with many other of the younger men, inside and outside the Academy, who keep on painting again and again practically the same picture that has brought them popular success or official recognition.

The Academy may have been a warning signal to Mr. Sargent and helped him to his decision to paint no more portraits, though he, better than any painter there, could afford to run the risk of repetition. However, his portraits recently have shown the strain of years of portrait painting, and certainly there is nothing in the two he exhibits this summer to make one regret his decision. In his three-quarters length of the Earl of Wemyss, who stands, his full face looking straight from out the canvas, the figure in the black frock coat is so elongated and the head, with the white hair and white fringe of whiskers and the extreme pallor of the complexion, is so overemphasized, that the effect is very close upon caricature. It is much more interesting to turn to his large decorative design, Israel and the Law, destined, I believe, for the Boston Public Library, where I should like to see it before pronouncing any but a very tentative opinion. At the Academy, it hangs in the midst of restless portraits and vivid landscapes, whereas it is intended to become a part of a definite architectural design, with no paintings near except, perhaps, others in the same decorative scheme. As it is, in its Academic setting, it has dignity and grandeur. A great shrouded, seated figure fills the centre of the composition, the pose vague and confused, but impressive; between the knees, in the shadow of the massive drapery, a boy crouches; and on either side are three other figures, each holding a golden sword. The masses are well balanced, and the figures sculpturesque in feeling. The group, rose and gray in color, the lines following the line of the lunette it fills, is bound together by the long flowing curves of a golden scroll, and set against a background of flat blue with a border of golden Hebrew characters placed and spaced so as to yield their full decorative value. There is no other design at the Academy, however large or for whatever purpose, that can compete with this. It would be subjected to a more severe comparative test at either Salon, where there are painters who have had the advantage of the same sound technical training, and the benefit of commissions as important, and who are not afraid of hard work. Commissions for mural decoration are rare in England, and, as a rule, the Academy is the last place in which such work, when done, is exhibited. At the Royal Academy banquet last night, Sir Edward Poynter referred with satisfaction to the fact that the walls of St. Stephen's Hall at Westminster are to be decorated, but few British artists of to-day have revealed the least fitness for the task.

Mr. Abbey, probably still busy for Harrisburg, has nothing this year, though his followers do their best to take his place. But, as a rule, the pictures based upon some incident in history or mythology, or inspired by some unwonted flight of the painter's imagination, smell so strong of the studio that they scarcely seem worth criticism.

The portraits are numerous, but those that call for a second glance are few. Brutality of paint answers for character in the sitter, discordant detail passes for arrangement. The presentation and official portraits by Academicians and Associates hang in greater numbers than usual. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in robes of state, Indian princes in gorgeous silks and jewels, John Burns and the Duke of Northumberland, a long succession of men, famous or notorious, stare at you from Academic pomposities on the line, but hardly one deserves as much as a word in passing. J. J. Shannon's most important canvas is a group of three sisters, Frances, Dinah, and Kathleen, daughters of Francis Tennant, Esq., which, unfortunately for himself, invites comparison with Mr. Sargent's group of three sisters hung in precisely the same centre a very few years ago. Mr. Shannon would do well to find another sitter like Phil May, to serve as tonic after his long surfeit of pretty faces and elegant gowns. George Henry, one of the Glasgow group, whose portraits have often had the beauty that comes from a sense of pattern, of arrangement, seems bent now on producing fashion-plates, though his delicate rendering of a vase or an ornament in a background is a reminder that there are things better worth doing, and that he knows how to do them with more distinction. Delicacy of detail and grace of design have always been characteristic of Sir W. Q. Orchardson, and are still; the white gown and cloak in his portrait of Mrs. Moss-Cockle have the harmony of color which belongs to the fashion neither of to-day nor of to-morrow, but to beauty that endures. But the old grasp of character and the old strength of handling have weakened. Here and there, I recall other portraits, less pretentious canvases, where the artist appears to have had time and thought for the placing of his subject and the carrying out of an appropriate color scheme, as, for example, Maurice Grieffenhagen's portrait of his wife, a study in silver and gray, though his pleasure in the harmony evidently distracted him from the equal pleasure he should have had in the modelling of the face and the drawing of the hands.

I find it hard to be more enthusiastic about the landscapes. There are the accustomed Academic machines, large and empty, because, whatever the motive, the size must be made to "tell" in an exhibition; and they monopolize almost all the best places on the line. Landscapes suffer even more than portraits from the painter's determination to make his picture overpower everything near it on the walls of a gallery. But here again there are occasional exceptions, and the quietest effects sometimes are those that tell the most. I remember nothing more vividly than Adrian Stokes's Twilight in the Birches, in which the tenderness of the hour and the grace of the trees are expressed with such sympathy that the tall, feathery birches, as they rise in shadowy lines against the pale gray vagueness of earth and sky, are sufficient subject in themselves, and, as the painter has understood, need no dragging in of anecdote or sham sentiment. If I recall a beach, filled with the movement of many figures, by Walter W. Russell, and the Valley of the Wharfe by Bertram Priestman, I have exhausted the list of landscapes that appealed to me personally or seemed to me concerned with any problem more serious than the painter's desire to be accepted and hung in a conspicuous place.

The sculptor in England has one advantage over the painter: he has more chances of large and important commissions, though he does not fare so well as his fellow-artists in France or America. However, even in England buildings are decorated with sculpture, the public man must have his monument,

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the dead their tombs. But the Academy got rid of the one artist to-day who could carry on nobly the great traditions of sculpture inherited from Alfred Stevens. They have allowed Alfred Gilbert to resign, and to live in exile at Bruges. His absence is sadly felt this year in the Sculpture Hall, where there is nothing of special note or distinction. A small marble, Terpsis, by Havard Thomas, some statuettes by M. Frémiet; a bust, Le Sacristan, by Mr. Lantéri, full of character—and that is all.

The Black-and-White Room is not more encouraging. The most distinguished etchers and draughtsmen prefer to show elsewhere, and, except for the prints and drawings of Mr. Short, Mr. Strang, and Mr. Watson, there is little of merit or importance. The Water-Color Room is a wilderness of mediocrity. And the wonder is, after all is said for the exhibition that can be said, how, year after year, at the banquet which princes and ministers of state think it an honor to attend, Academicians can go on congratulating themselves and being congratulated on their success and on the services the Academy renders to art in England. One announcement, however, made last night, and already approved, is of interest. A Royal Commission is appointed for the organization of the British contributions to future international exhibitions. The consideration of a similar organization at home might prove more profitable to the American artist than all his recent attempts to revise the tariff. N. N.

At the annual meeting of the National Academy of Design, May 12, Frederick Dielman resigned the presidency, which he has held for ten years. John W. Alexander was elected unanimously to fill the vacant place. The other officers were reëlected. Six new academicians were added: Thomas Hastings, architect; Isidor Konti, sculptor; Joseph Pennell, etcher, and Walter Clark, A. T. Van Laer, and Frederick Ballard Williams, painters.

The Tiefurth villa of the Duchess Anna Amalie is to be restored to the condition it was in when it was the meeting place, and often the romping place, of Goethe and the great circle of Weimar.

Frank Dillon, the English landscape painter, has died at the age of eighty-six. He was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and exhibited frequently in the Academy and elsewhere.

From Paris comes the report of the death of J. Otis Minott, the well-known painter of miniatures, at the age of forty-six. He was a native of Orange, N. J. He had painted portraits of many notable English people, and at the time of his death was under agreement to make miniatures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The last survivor of the Barbizon school, M. Ceramano, a pupil of Charles Jacque, has passed away. He was born in Belgium eighty years ago, and at the time of his death had been living at Barbizon for more than forty years.

Louis Henry Dupray, the military painter, has died, at the age of sixty-four. He studied under Léon Cogniet and Pils, obtaining medals in 1872 and 1874. He was a member of the Société des Artistes Français.

The death is also announced of Madame Léon Bertaux, the sculptor, in her eighty-fourth year. She was a member of the "grand jury" of the Société des Artistes Français, and one of the founders of the Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs de Paris.

Finance.

RAISING PRICES BY DESTRUCTION.

It will hardly be denied, even by the people most closely interested in regulating the supply of coffee placed on the world's markets, that the Brazilian project of burning up or sinking in the ocean an inconvenient surplus is a startling innovation. Adam Smith, referring in a classic passage to a similar undertaking by the Dutch in their East Indian spiceries, describes it as a "savage policy." In the present instance, different people will regard the project differently. Bankers connected with the recent "valorization scheme" will possibly approve the plan as a direct short-cut to adjustment of supply and demand. Some who have observed the financial vicissitudes of Brazil and its province of Sao Paulo will doubtless argue that it is better to destroy 10 per cent. of the coffee delivered for export than to impose a 10 per cent. money tax on exporters, with a view to preventing them from exporting. But there will certainly be some voices raised in the comment that to produce an article of usefulness and value, with expenditure of care, labor, and capital, and then deliberately destroy it to keep up the price, is an act of economic folly at which even the Middle Ages would have protested. As the London *Economist* observes of the pending proposition:

> Economically, it is about as sound as the breaking of plate-glass windows in the interests of the glaziers.

And yet this extraordinary plan is a not illogical sequel of an attempt by government to regulate the price of its farmers' products. The simple case of the Brazilian state is this: It found its coffee-planters in distress because of wasteful and uneconomical methods of production, and because the large crops of coffee had forced the price to a level which they considered unremunerative. The government thereupon bought up with its own money a good part of the planters' coffee, storing it away for a future market. At this point, a dim analogy to a piece of economic absurdity in our own history—Secretary Windom's plan of 1890 to help the price of silver by buying it up with the public money and storing it in the Treasury—occurs to mind. We rather wonder that the State of Sao Paulo did not think of copying the Windom scheme and issuing treasury notes for the purchased coffee, making the notes available for bank reserves and redeemable, to paraphrase a certain Treasury document of 1890, "on demand, in such quantities of coffee as will equal in value, at the date of presentation, the number of dollars expressed on the face of the notes at the market price of coffee, or in gold at the option of the government, or in coffee at the option of the holder."

The Brazilians did not do this; they preferred to go into the coffee business outright, with the purpose of "regulating" the price. Sao Paulo invested $88,400,000 of the public funds in buying something more than 8,000,000 bags of coffee. It bought them with the purpose of selling again, and with the somewhat naïve idea that such purchases, from an exceptionally large crop, would put up the price to the figure desired. Any experienced merchant might have predicted what happened, and what will always happen with a huge, unwieldy supply, held on credit and perpetually overhanging the market. Even our silver-purchase scheme, which did not contemplate re-sale of the commodity purchased, forced the regretful comment from President Harrison, within a year, that it had failed "to give the market for silver bullion such support as the law contemplated, and every one knows how the experiment ended."

In the later stages of its preposterous economic exploit, the credit of Sao Paulo became more or less impaired; collateral was asked for such further loans as the "valorization scheme" required. It put up the coffee itself, at a low valuation, for use as such collateral, and taxed the exporters of coffee in a large enough amount to provide for interest and sinking fund. This was well enough for the bankers, but the Brazilian coffee-producers over whom a benevolent government was extending

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its protection began to ask where they came in. For them, the new tax burdens were the one tangible result. The time-worn and soothing explanation that the foreigner paid the tax did not somehow seem to be demonstrated by their income accounts. Hence, undoubtedly, the new and recent proposal of the Brazilian state to the bankers' committee, that the government, instead of arbitrarily limiting exports, impose a 10 per cent. ad valorem tax upon exporters, payable, not in money, but in coffee, and that the coffee be destroyed. The pleasing fiction of the taxpaying foreigner is replaced by equally agreeable assurances that, since only the poorer coffee will be thrown away, a gratifying improvement in the average quality of Brazilian coffee exports will ensue. Expedients of this sort never lack arguments based on the general welfare.

The bankers appear to contemplate this plan of a coffee holocaust with equanimity; we are not yet informed how the Brazilian people regard it. We are, however, in no doubt whatever as to how intelligent economists will look upon it. It is no new principle in political economy that the bad results of one step in the direction of unsound finance do not stop with the immediate consequences of that single action; other and more venturesome steps must follow, in order to placate somebody who grumbles because the impossible promises, made in the first instance, have failed of redemption. Where the Brazilian experiment will end, we do not venture to predict.

We think, however, that, quite apart from the fortunes of Brazil, this extraordinary experiment is a sign of the times. It is not the first illustration of a mental perversity, in the matter of prices, production, and consumption, which has largely pervaded the public mind. Not so many years ago, we in the United States had a cotton convention urging the burning of cotton because the American crop of 1904 was so large that makers of clothing would not pay the prices of "boom years" and "Sully corners." All that prevented the trying of the experiment was that each producer secretly hoped that his neighbor's cotton would be selected for destruction, and his own enhanced in value. It was actually urged on Congress, during 1907, that the Government should lend its surplus to cotton growers, on the collateral of cotton, in order to keep their product off the market and advance the price. High authority in the steel-manufacturing community has declared that even in hard times the consumer will not buy any more at low prices than at high prices, and therefore that prices ought to be kept up at all hazards. It is plain that other people than the Brazilians need to be brought back to the inexorable principles of sound economics and finance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aynard, Joseph. Oxford and Cambridge. Paris: Librairie Renouard.
Barrett, Frank W. Z. Mourning for Lincoln. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1 net.
Bates, Frank A. Camping and Camp Cooking. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. 75 cents net.
Bingham, Hiram. The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia. New Haven: Yale Publishing Association.
Boccaccio, Giovanni. The Decameron. Translated by Edward Hutton. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.
Burchill, Georgine, and others. The Progressive Road to Reading. Books One and Two. Silver, Burdett.
Caetani, Leone. History of Ibn Miskawayh. London: Luzac & Co.
Colby, Frank Moore, Editor. The New International Year Book. Dodd, Mead.
Conder, C. R. The City of Jerusalem. Dutton. $4 net.
Dickinson, G. Lowes. Is Immortality Desirable? Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.
Durand, Mortimer. Nadir Shah. Dutton. $3 net.
Duthie, D. Wallace. A Bishop in the Rough. Dutton, $2 net.
Farnell, L. R. Inaugural Lecture of the Wilde Lecturer in Natural and Comparative Religion. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Garrison, Theodosia. The Joy o' Life, and Other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.
Glyn, Elinor. Elizabeth Visits America. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Greene, Richard Arnold. Saint Peter. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Hartman, Edward R. Socialism Versus Christianity. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Hazard, Daniel L. Results of Observations Made at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory at Vieques, Porto Rico, 1903-1904. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Hocking, Joseph. The Sword of the Lord: A Romance of the Time of Martin Luther. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Irshád Al-Arîb Ilá Ma'rifat Al-adîb or Dictionary of Learned Men of Yágût. Edited by D. S. Margoliouth. Vol. II. London: Luzac & Co.
Jones, Rufus M. Studies in Mystical Religion. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Kent, Charles Foster, Ph.D. The Kings and Prophets of Israel and Judah. From the Division of the Kingdom to the Babylonian Exile. Scribners.
Legge, Ronald. The Hawk. John McBride Co.
Mathews, John Lathrop. Remaking the Mississippi. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.
McCall, Sidney. Red Horse Hill. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
McPherson, Logan G. Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States. Henry Holt. $2.25 net.
Meany, Edmond S. History of the State of Washington. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Mills, F. E. Chip. John Lane. $1.50.
Morals in Modern Business. Page Lecture Series Addresses. New Haven: Yale University Press.
Nathan, Nathaniel. Economic Heresies. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.
New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. Vol III. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.
Partridge, Anthony. The Kingdom of Earth. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Quin, Malcolm. Aids to Worship: An Essay Towards the Positive Preservation and Development of Catholicism. Newcastle-on-Tyne: T. M. Grierson.
Scott, John Reed. The Woman in Question. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.
Smith, John B. Our Insect Friends and Enemies. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.
Stephenson, Cora Bennett. The Hand of God. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. $1.50.
Thompson, James Westfall. The Wars of Religion in France. 1559-1576. University of Chicago Press. $4.50 net.
Thorpe, Francis Newton. The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson, as Told in His Writings and Speeches. Tandy-Thomas Co. $2.50.
Turquan, Joseph. The Love Affairs of Napoleon. Translated by J. Lewis May. John Lane. $5 net.
Vaka, Demetra (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Haremlik: Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Withers, Hartley. The Meaning of Money. Dutton. $2 net.
Young Ruth. The Philanthropists, and other Poems. London: Elkin Mathews.
Yoxall, J. H. The Wander Years: Being Some Account of Journeys into Life, Letters, and Art. Dutton. $2 net.

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